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FRONTISPIECE.

'For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft
'To keep watch for the Life of Poor Jack'.

Page 204.

Published by B. Crosby & Co. Stationers Court.

ENGLISH
Musical Repository
A choice SELECTION of Esteemed
English Songs
Adapted for the Voice, Violin, and
GERMAN FLUTE.

Published by B. Crosby & Co. Stationers Court.

THE

ENGLISH

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A

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1807.

Schol.

Mar. 16, 1899

H.

OLIVER & CO. Printers, Edinburgh.

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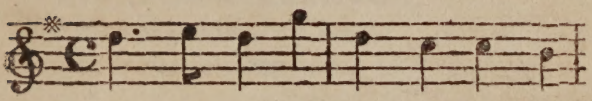
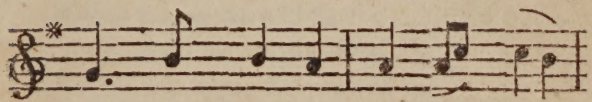
English Songs.

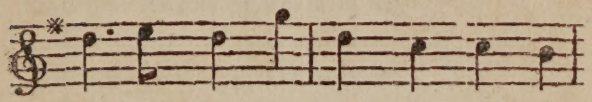
WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.



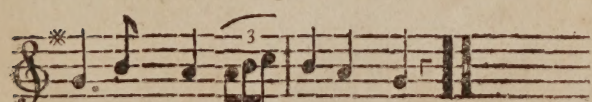
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing,



Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,



Bees, on banks of thyme di - sport - ing,



Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
Take the scatter'd ears that fall:
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

MIDNIGHT BOWL.

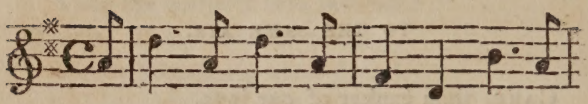
TO THE SAME AIR.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
Now the tyrant's reign is o'er ;
Fill the merry bowl, my boys,
Join in Bacchanalian roar.

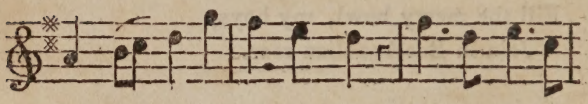
O'er the merry midnight bowl,
O how happy we will be !
Day was made for vulgar souls,
Night, my boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in ;
See, the hated miscreant dies ;
Mirth with all thy train come in,
Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.

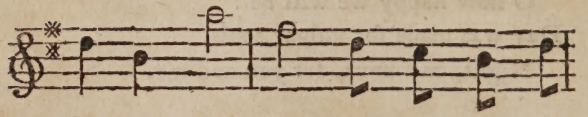
THE GALLANT LIEUTENANT.

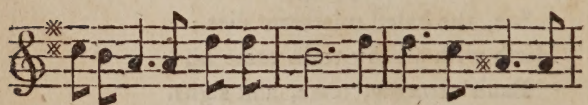


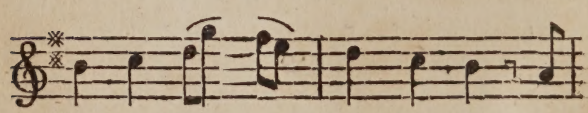
PREPARE, prepare, we're hail'd on board, 'Tis



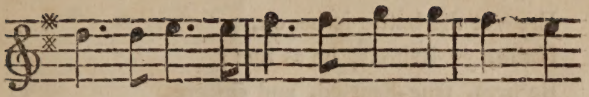
fam'd Britannia gives the word: See the Gallic



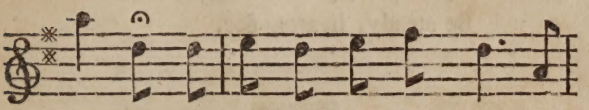
bird on high! Turn, turn u--pon your

e-nemy. Be steady, hearts, be firm and bold, And



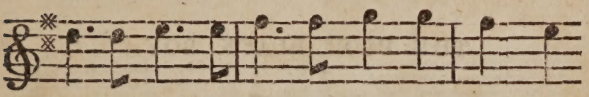
fight as Bri--tons fought of old; Then



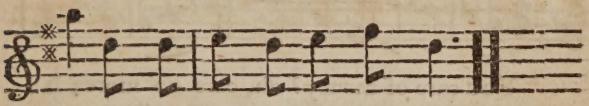
swift-ly fly, with ea-gle's wing, To guard your



coun-try, your coun-try and your king. Then



swiftly fly, with ea-gle's wing, To guard your



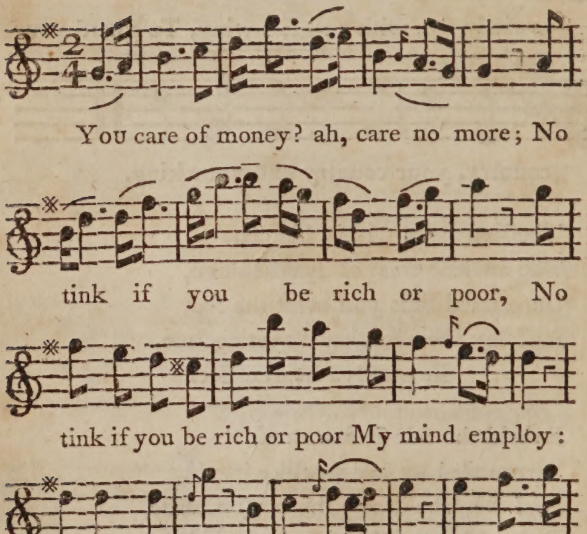
country, your country and your king.

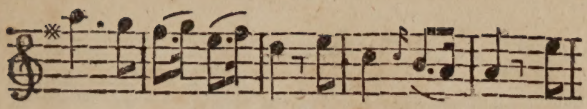
The lion roars within his den,
The ancient crest of Englishmen,
Undaunted bids you meet the foe,
And lay their mighty vaunting low.
Be steady, hearts, &c.

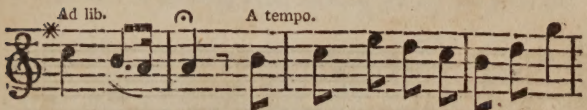
Behold the fair Edina stand,
Surrounded by her warlike band;
And see, she draws the hostile blade,
To lend her neighb'ring sister aid.
Be steady, hearts, &c.

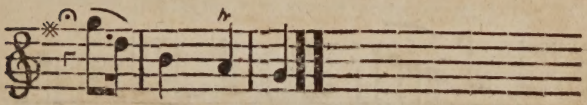
Ere yet the battle is begun,
Unite, ye Britons, be as one;
Be firm, true-hearted, and sincere,
And then, O then, you've nought to fear.
Be steady, hearts, &c.

THE POOR BLACK BOY.


You care of money? ah, care no more; No
tink if you be rich or poor, No
tink if you be rich or poor My mind employ:
Me stay wid you, no sor - ry, no, And where a-



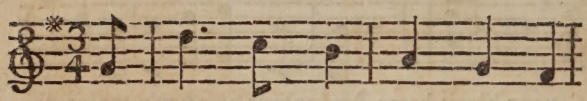
way my mas - sa go, Go poor black boy, Go

poor black boy ; And where away my massa go,



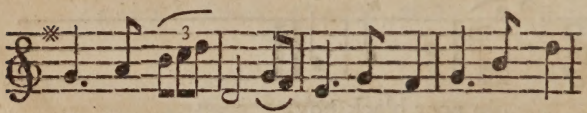
Go poor black boy.

You good to me dat keepy here ;
No, massa, dat you never fear,
Long time destroy.
Me know death kill, but leave one part ;
He never kill the loving heart
Of poor black boy.

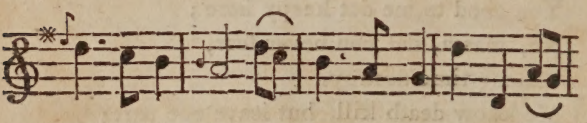
THE BROWN JUG.



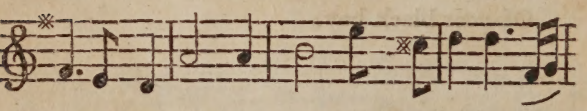
DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now

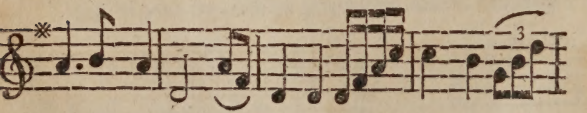


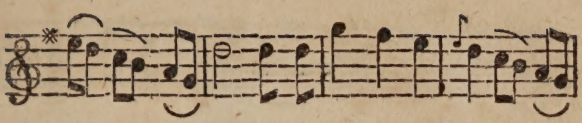
foams with mild ale, (In which I will drink to sweet

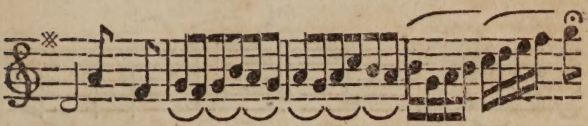


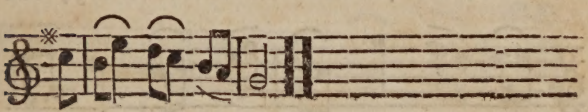
Nan of the vale), Was once To-by Fil-pot, a



thirsty old soul, As e'er crack'd a bot-tle, or

fathom'd a bowl. In boozing a - - bout 'twas his



praise to ex-cel, And among jol-ly to-pers he

bore off the bell, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

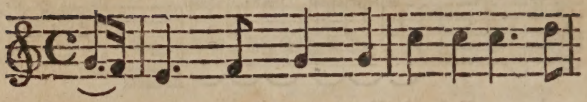


he bore off the bell.

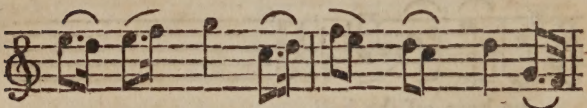
It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale.
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

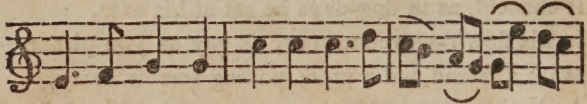
LASH'D TO THE HELM.



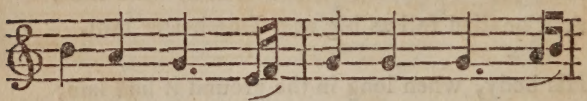
In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And



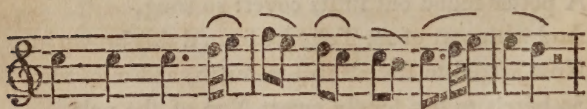
thun - ders roll, and light-nings fly, In



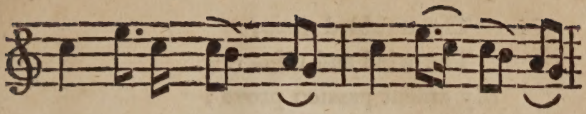
midst of all these dire alarms, I think, my Sal-ly,



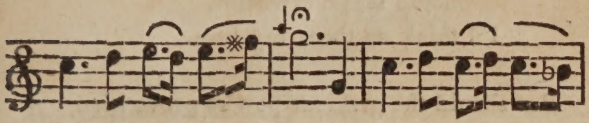
on thy charms. The trou-bled main, The



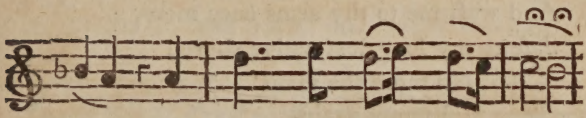
wind and rain, My ar - dent pas - sion prove;



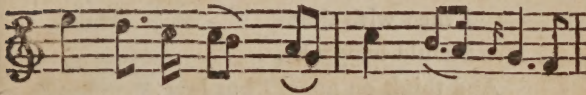
Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd



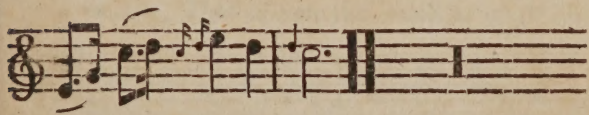
think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee, my



love, I'd think on thee, my love;



Lash'd to the helm, Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd



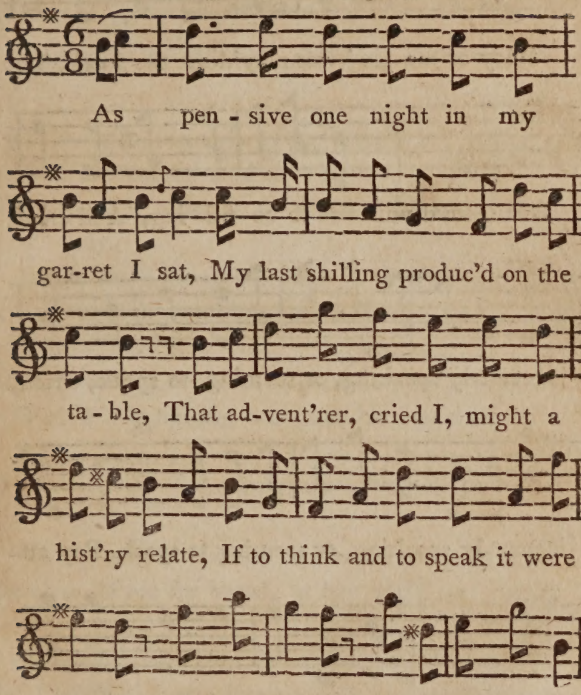
think on thee, my love.

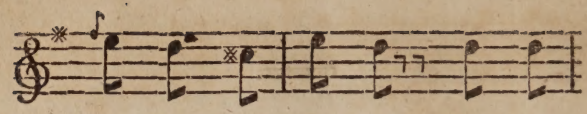
When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove ;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

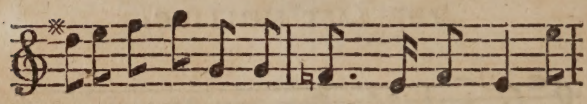
But should the gracious pow'rs prove kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore ;
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

THE LAST SHILLING.

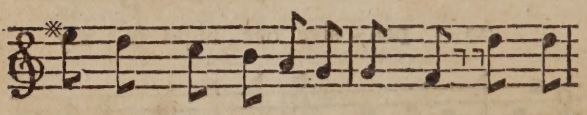

As pen - sive one night in my
gar-ret I sat, My last shilling produc'd on the
ta - ble, That ad-vent'rer, cried I, might a
hist'ry relate, If to think and to speak it were
a - ble, it were a - ble ; If to think and to



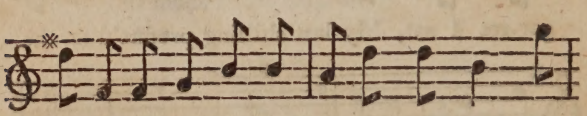
speak it were a - ble. Whether



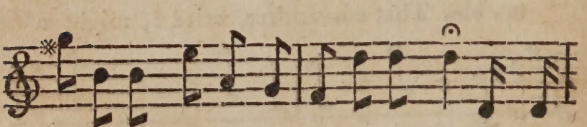
fancy or ma-gic 'twas play'd me the freak, The



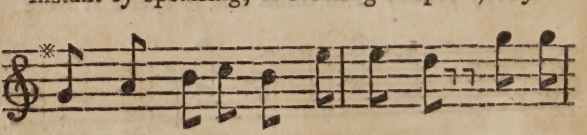
face seem'd with life to be fill - ing, And cried,



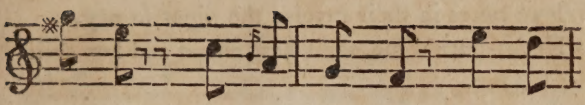
instant-ly speaking, or seeming to speak, Cried,



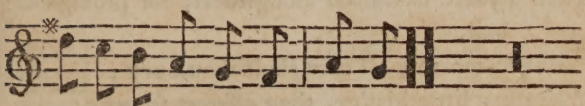
instant-ly speaking, or seeming to speak, Pay at-



ten - tion to me thy last shil - ling, thy last



shill-ing, Thy last shill - ing, Pay at-



tention to me thy last shilling.

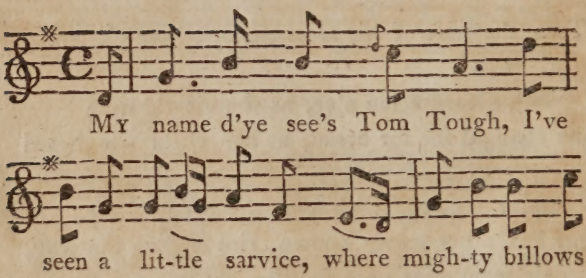
I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to faulter ;
'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter :
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

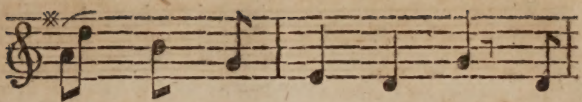
'Twas the wife of his mess-mate, whose glistening eye
With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me ;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me :
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling ;

Where rakes in their ravels, the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shilling.

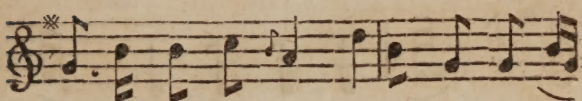
Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates bail,
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury;
When my little hist'ry, thou offerest for sale:
In the interim, spend me and be merry!
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my mentor, my muse,
And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart. Thus men counsel refuse,
'Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

YO HEAVE HO.

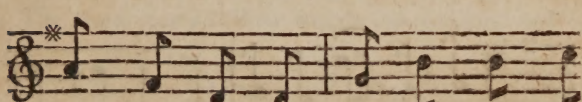




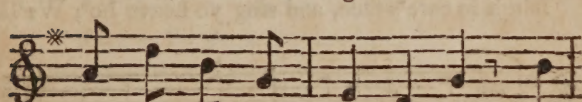
roll, and loud tem - pests blow, I've



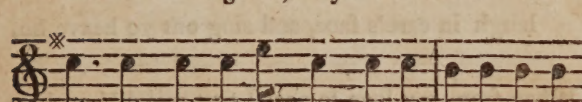
sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with no - ble



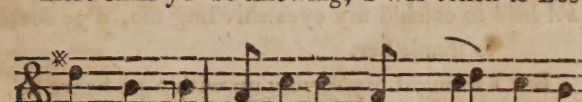
Jar - vis, And in gal - lant Dun-can's



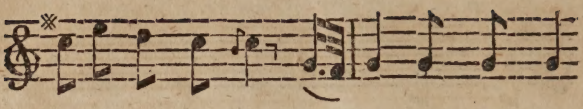
fleet I've sung out, yo heave ho. Yet



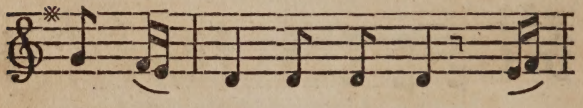
more shall ye be knowing, I was coxon to Bos-



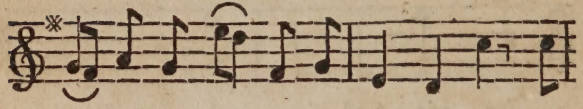
ca- wen, And e-ven with brave Hawke have I



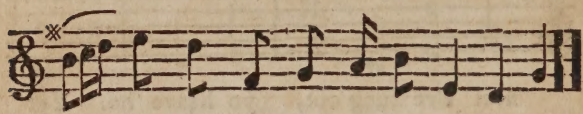
no-bly fac'd the foe; Then put round the grog,



so we've that and our prog, We'll



laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho; We'll



laugh in care's face, and sing out yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below;
I'd like to catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,
But I brought my sorrow up with a yo heave ho.
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,

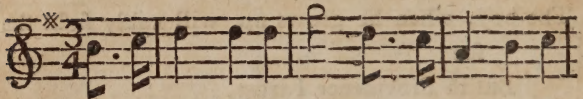
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden, and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break, as I sung yo heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, yo heave ho.

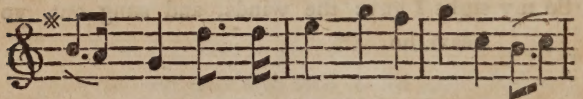
And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe,
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh, with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe.
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of old England sing out, yo heave ho.

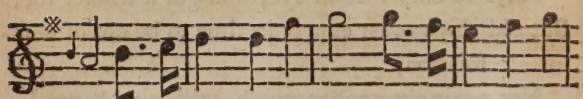
TO-MORROW.



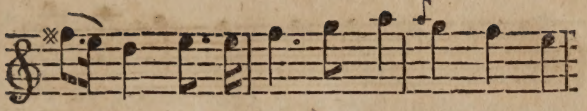
In the downhill of life, when I find I'm re-



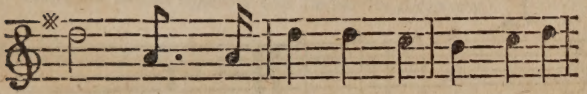
clin - ing, May my fate no less fortu - nate



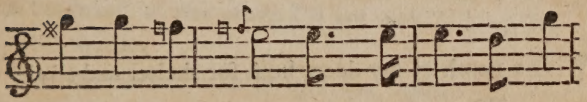
be, Than a snug elbow chair can afford, for re-

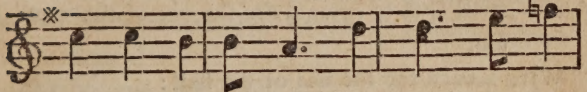


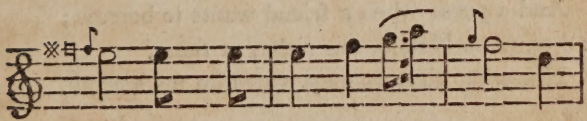
clin-ing, And a cot that o'erlooks the wide



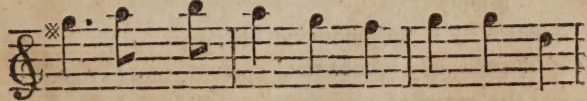
sea ; With an am-bling pad po - ney to



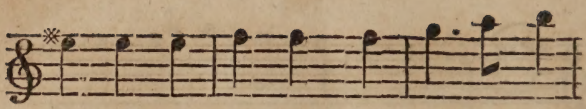
pace o'er the lawn, While I car - rol a-

way i - dle sor - row ; And blythe as the



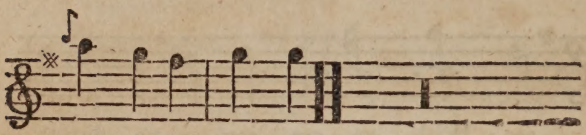
lark that each day hails the dawn, Look



for-ward with hope for to - mor-row, to-



mor-row, to - mor-row, Look for - ward with



hope for to - mor-row.

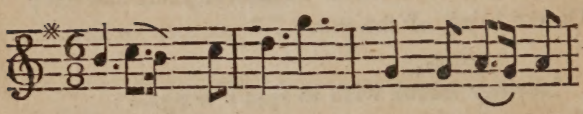
With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob, his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill:

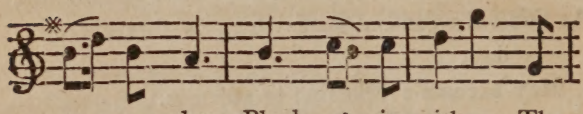
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare today,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

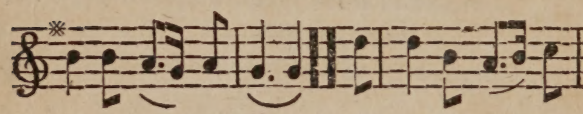
TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.



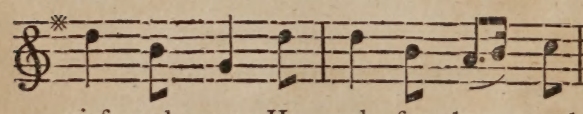
TASTE life's glad moments, Whilst the wasting



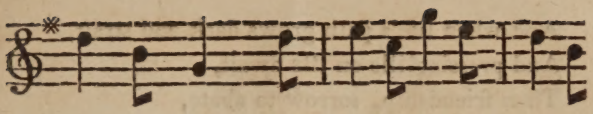
ta - per glow, Pluck, e'er it withers, The



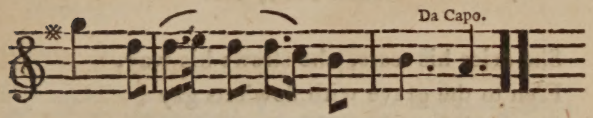
quickly fad - ing rose: Man blindly fol-lows



grief and care, He seeks for thorns, and



finds his share ; Whilst violets to the passing



air, Un-heed - ed shed their blossoms.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then ah ! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.
Taste life's, &c.

When spleen and envy anxious flies,
And meek content, in humble guise
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits will yield him.
Taste life's, &c.

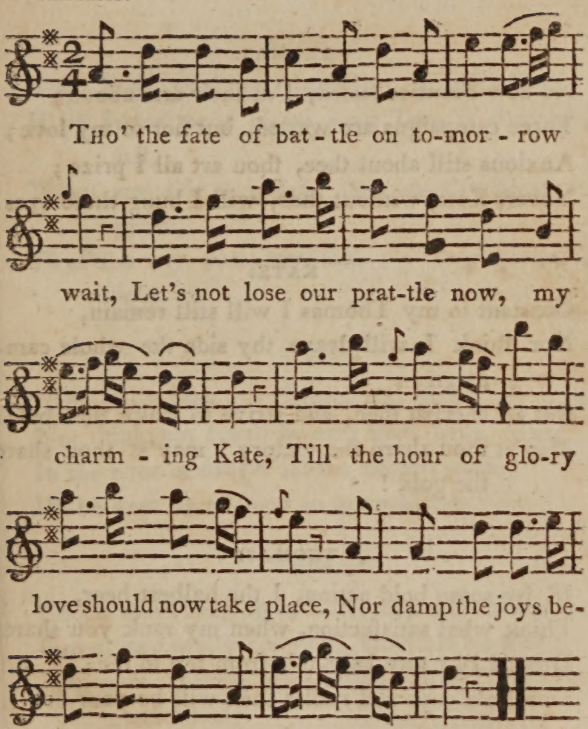
Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave with flow'rets gay ;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still encreases.
Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand ;
Thus onward to a better land,
Man journeys light and cheer'ly.
Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows,
Pluck, e'er it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

THE TOBACCO-BOX.

THOMAS.

Tho' the fate of bat-tle on to-mor-row
wait, Let's not lose our prat-tle now, my
charm-ing Kate, Till the hour of glo-ry
love should now take place, Nor damp the joys be-
fore you with a fu--ture case.

KATE.

Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true!
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you;
Glory will attend you, still will make us blest;
With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possest.

THOMAS.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above;
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize;
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign;
But all cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold:
May'st thou share the victory! may'st thou share the gold!

THOMAS.

If, by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction, when my rank you share.
Dress'd like any lady-fair from top to toe;
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love ;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress be :
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a soldier's all ;
If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me;
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see ;
In the hour of danger let me always share ;
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear ;
But, may Heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drums command :
Now I will attend you, Love, I kiss your hand.

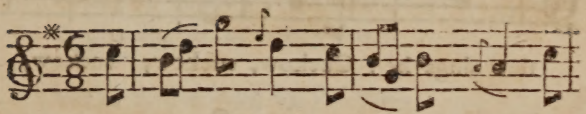
KATE.

* I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain ;
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain :
May good Heav'ns defend thee ! Conquest on thee wait !
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

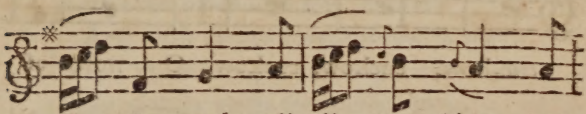
* *Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says,*

May good Heav'ns defend thee ! Conquest on me wait !
One kiss more, and then I yield myself to fate.

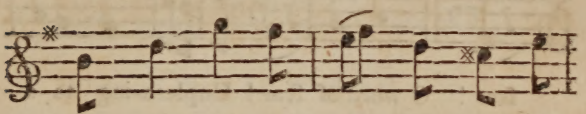
THE CUCKOW SONG.



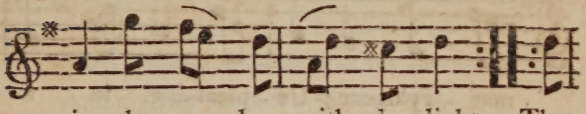
When dais-ies pied, and violets blue, And



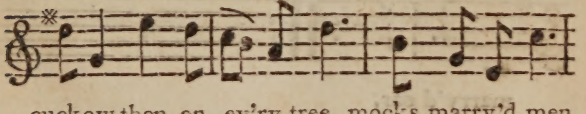
la - dy-smocks, all sil - ver white, And



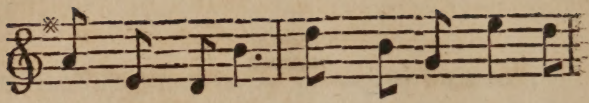
cuc - kow-buds of yel - low hue, Do



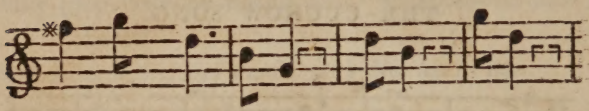
paint the mea - dows with de - light ; The



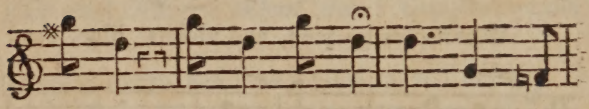
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree, mocks marry'd men,



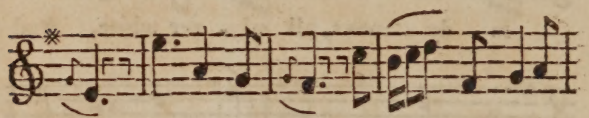
Mocks marry'd men, Mocks marry'd men, for



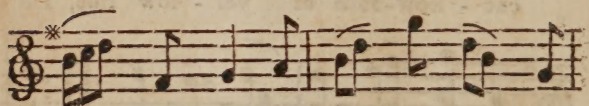
thus sings he : Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,



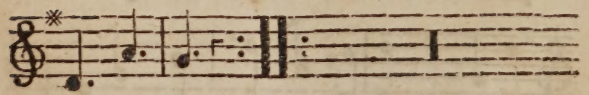
cuc-kow, cuckow, cuckow ; O word of



fear ! O word of fear ! Unpleas-ing to a



mar - ry'd ear ; Un - pleas-ing to a



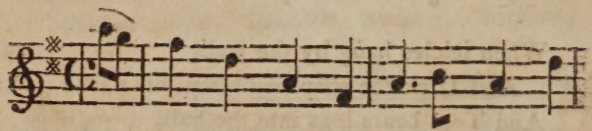
marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmens clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow, cuckow;—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to the marry'd ear.

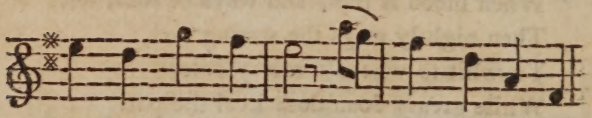
When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw:
Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

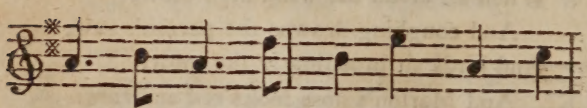
LET'S SEEK THE BOWER.



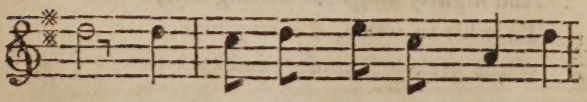
Let's seek the bower of Ro-bin-hood, This



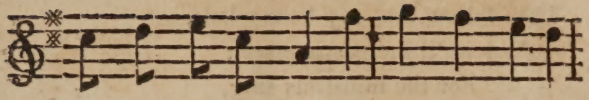
is his bri - dal-day, And cheer-ful-ly in



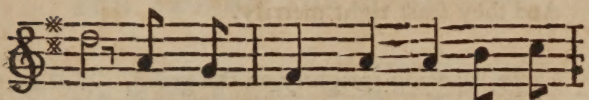
blythe Sherwood, bridemaids and bride - men



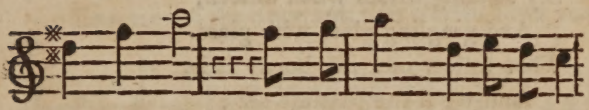
play. Then fol - low, fol - low me, my



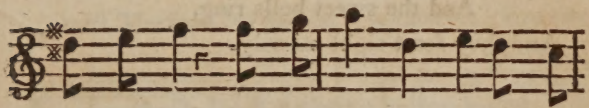
bon - ny, bonny lads, and we'll the pas-time



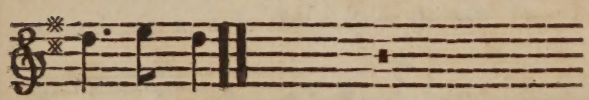
see ; For the min - strels sing, and the



sweet bells ring, And they feast right merrily,



mer - ri - ly ; And they feast right mer-ri - ly,



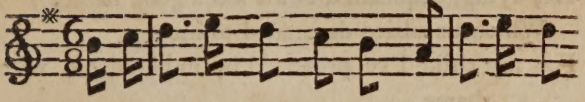
mer - ri - ly.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's stoud and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold.

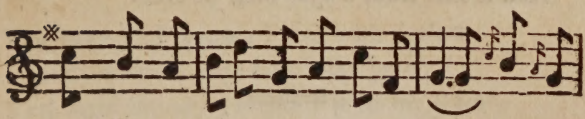
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastime see ;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.

There, dancing sprightly on the green,
Each lightfoot lad and lass,
Sly stealing kisses when unseen,
And gingling glass with glass.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastime see ;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.

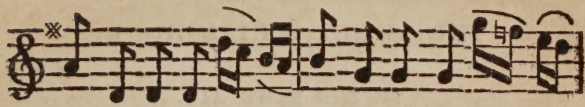
ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.



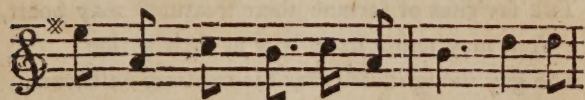
ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows you



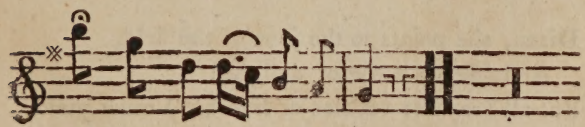
mill, The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine; Ere the



church was a ru-in that nods on the hill, Or a



rook built his nest on the pine, Or a



rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

THE SWEET SOCIAL HOUR.

TO THE SAME AIR.

THE fav'rites of fortune their treasures may boast,
And may tempt us to bow at their shrine;
The gay thoughtless lover his mistress will toast,
And, transported, believe her divine.

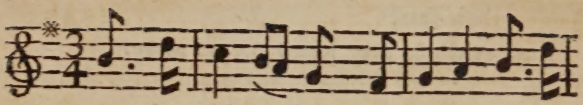
Diana, she points to the joys of the field,
And offers a scene of delight;
But all (say the vot'ries of Bacchus) must yield,
When the charms of the bottle invite.

Yet pleasures, when varied, appear like a dream,
Though her traits are so often espied ;—
But sons of true mirth, ye may drink of the stream,
If fair virtue—if reason preside.

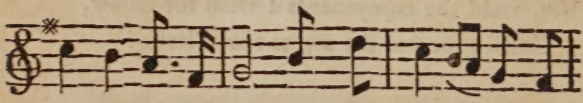
How few are the minds in this mortal estate,
Who are blest with content's happy score !
Good friends too I've known, when was humble their fate,
But, exalted, they knew me no more.

The beauty of women I feel with a glow,
And of love I have tasted the pow'r ;
Yet, amid the enjoyments I wish for below,
Gods, give me the sweet social hour !

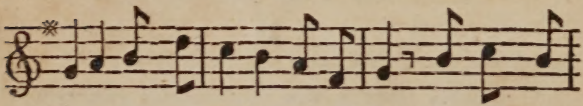
THE STORM.



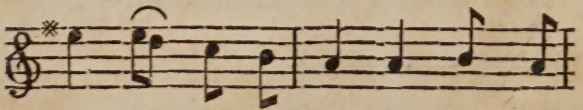
CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, List, ye



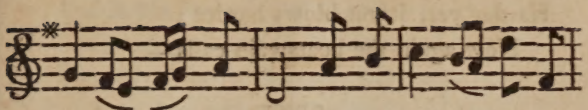
landsmen all to me; Messmates, hear a brother



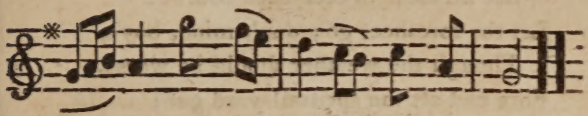
sailor Sing the dangers of the sea; From bounding



bil - - lows first in mo - tion, When the



distant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-troubled



o - cean, Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms;—
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our mind enthralls;

Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
Now again the boatswain calls—

QUICK.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course !
Let the foresheet go ; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us ;
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the laniards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now!

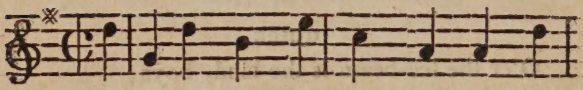
QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast;
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

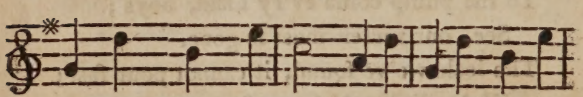
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;

Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

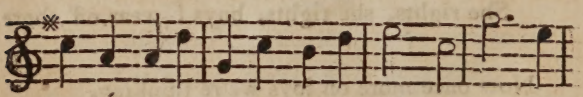
YEO, YEO.



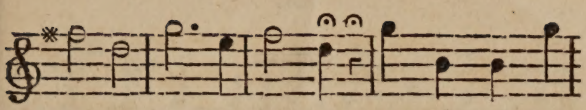
I AM a brisk and sprightly lad, But



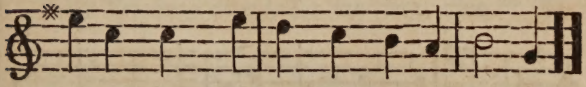
just come home from sea, Sir; Of all the lives I



e - ver led, A sailor's life for me, Sir. Yeo, yeo,



yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo; When the boatswain



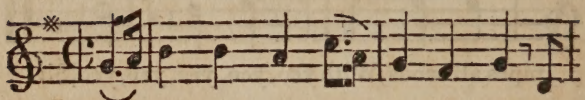
pipes all hands, With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar?
We o'er the ocean roam, Sir;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

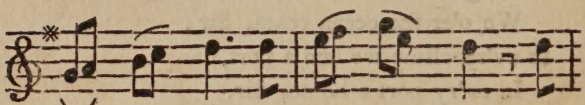
But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, Sir;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, Sir,
And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to sea, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

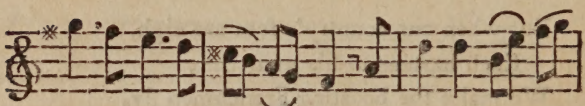
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



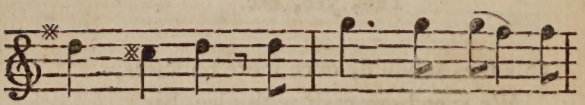
For England, when with fav'ring gale, Our



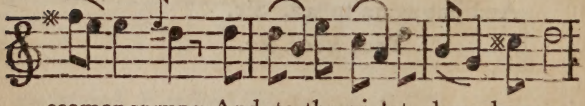
gal - lant ship up chan - nel steer'd, And



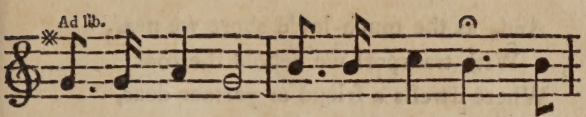
scudding under ea - sy sail, The high blue western



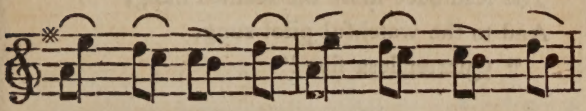
land ap-pear'd; To heave the lead the



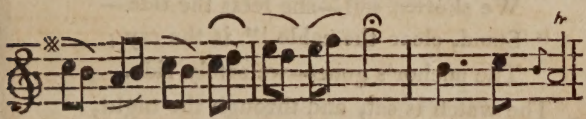
seaman sprung, And to the pi-lot cheer-ly sung,



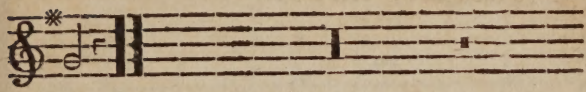
"By the deep nine! By the deep nine!" To



heave the lead the sea-man sprung, And



to the pi-lot cheer'ly sung, "By the deep



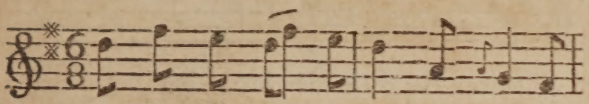
nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheer'ly sung,
"By the mark seven!"

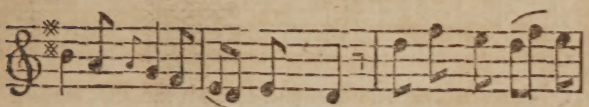
And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwells a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less five!"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
"Stand, clear the cable!" is the cry;
The anchor's gone—we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seaman with delight,
Proclaim—"All's well!"

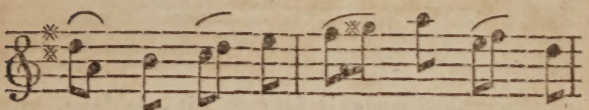
SOMEHOW MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.



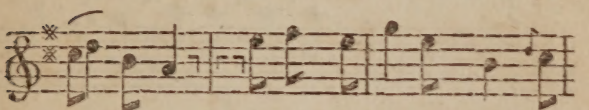
SOMEHOW my spin-dle I mis-laid, And



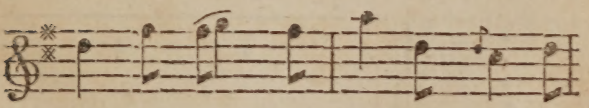
lost it underneath the grass; Damon advancing



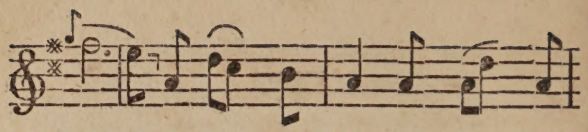
bow'd his head, And said, what seek you,



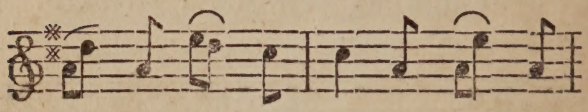
pret-ty lass? Damon advancing bow'd his



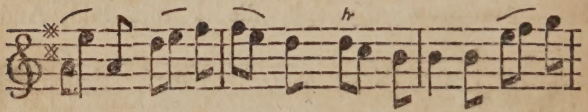
head, And said, what seek you, pret-ty

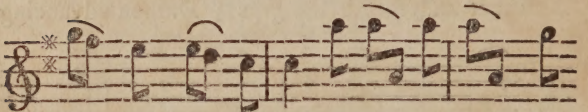
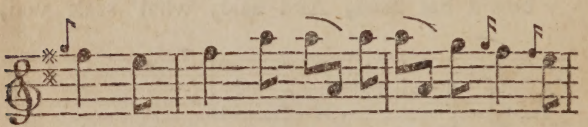


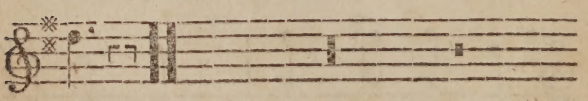
lass? A lit - - tle love, but urg'd with



care, A lit - - tle love, but urg'd with



care, Oft leads a heart and leads it far, Oft leads a

heart and leads it far: A lit - tle love, but

urg'd with care, Oft leads a heart and leads it

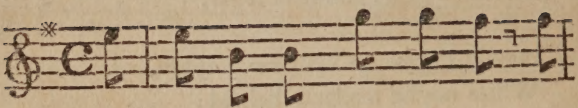


far.

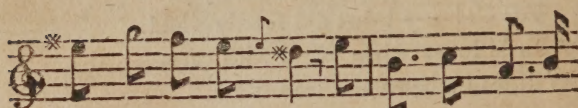
'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far.

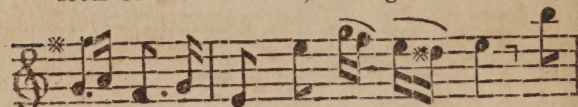
OWEN.



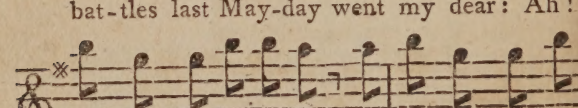
THO' far be-yond the mountains that



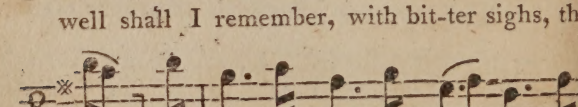
look so dis-tant here, To fight his country's



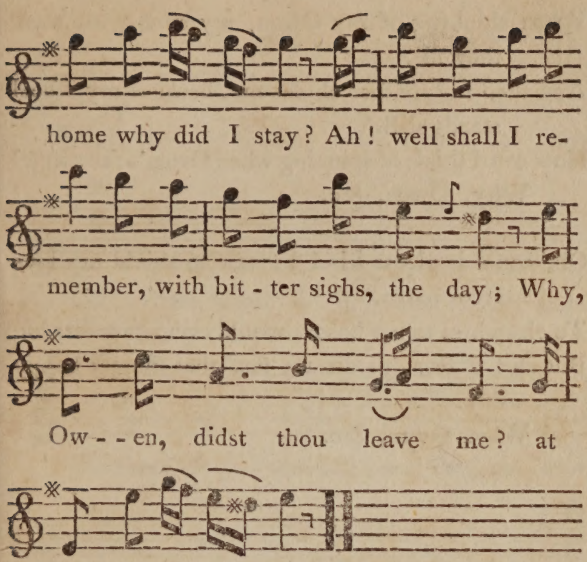
bat-tles last May-day went my dear: Ah!



well shall I remember, with bit-ter sighs, the



day: Why, Ow-en, didst thou leave me? at



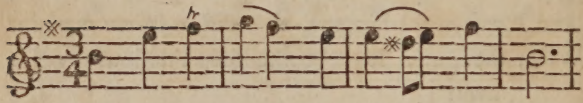
Ah! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
And I was cruel hearted, that did at home remain.
With thee, my love, contented I'd journey far
away;
Why, Owen, &c.

To market at Langollen each morning do I go,
But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know:
My father chides at ev'ning, my mother all the day;
Why, Owen, &c.

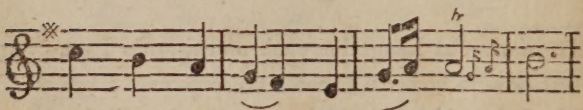
When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears they fill,
And then my mother chides me, because my wheel stands still.
How can I think of spinning when Owen's far away?
Why, Owen, &c.

Oh, could it please kind heaven to shield my love from harm,
To clasp him to my bosom would every care disarm;
But ah! I fear 'tis distant far, that happy happy day.
Why, Owen, &c.

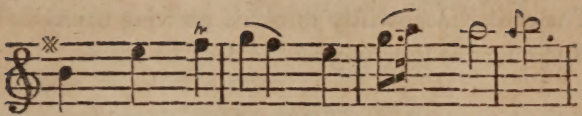
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.



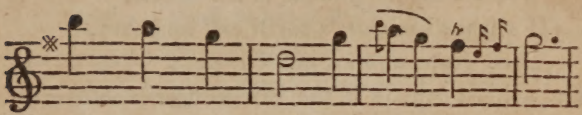
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,



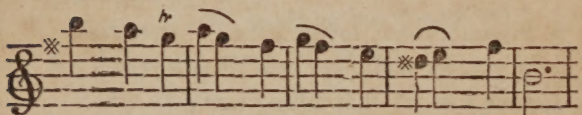
The streamers wav-ing in the wind,



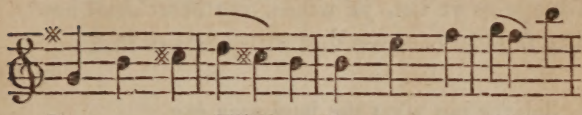
When black-ey'd Su - - san came on board,



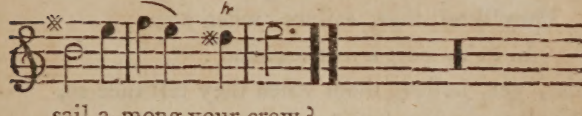
Oh! where shall I my true - love find?



Tell me, ye jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true,



Does my sweet William, Does my sweet William



sail a-mong your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.

The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt to doubt thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

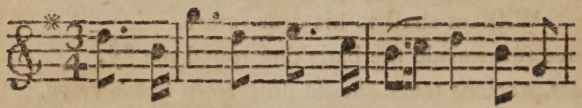
If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

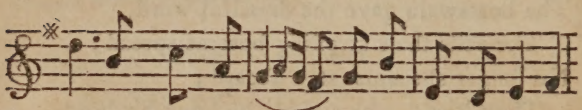
Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer she must stay aboard ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

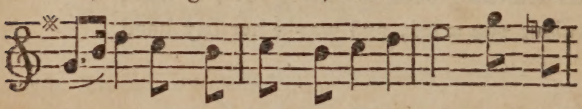
POOR TOM.



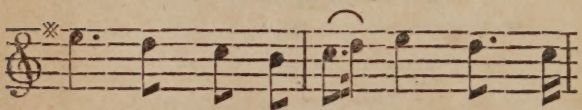
THEN farewel, my trim-built wherry, Oars and



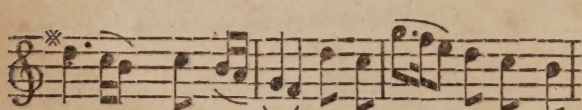
coat, and badge fare - wel, Never more at Chelsea



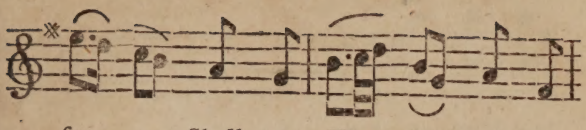
fer-ry Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then fare-

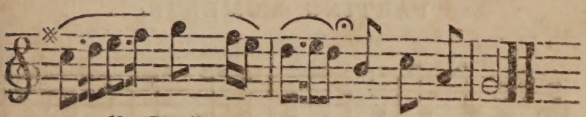


wel, my trim-built wher-ry, Oars and



coat, and badge farewel, Never more at Chelsea

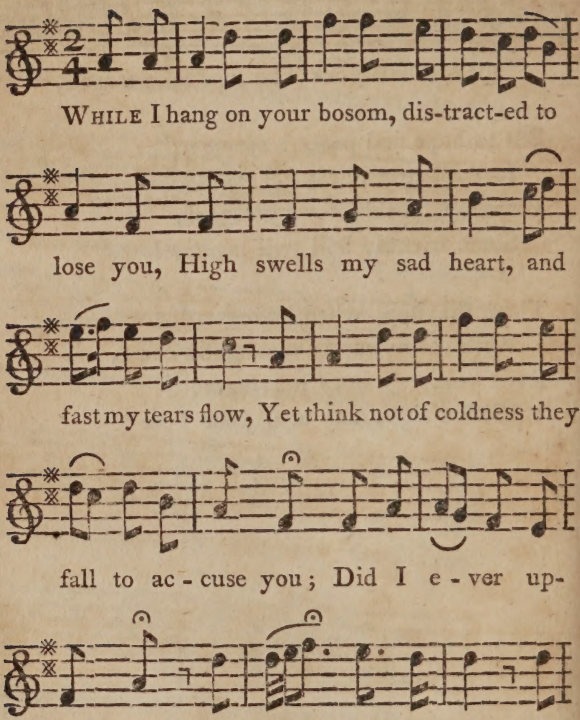


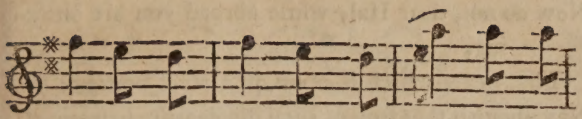
fer - - ry, Shall your Tho - - mas take a

spell, Shall your Tho-mas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball will lay me low.

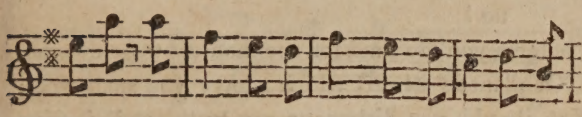
Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry, poor Tom !

PARTING MOMENTS.

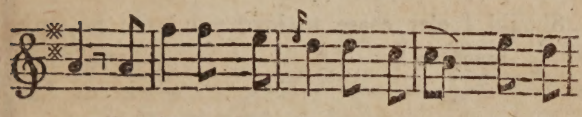

While I hang on your bosom, dis-tract-ed to
lose you, High swells my sad heart, and
fast my tears flow, Yet think not of coldness they
fall to ac - cuse you; Did I e - ver up-
braid you? Oh, no, my love, no! I



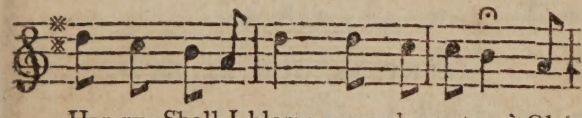
own it would please me, at home could you



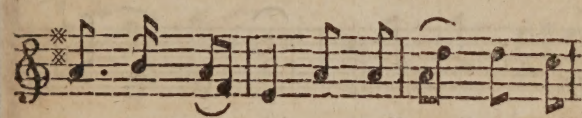
tarry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Mari- a to



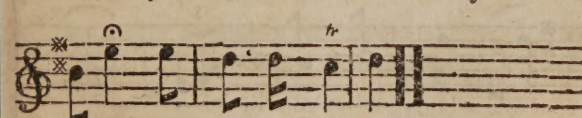
go; But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear



Har-ry, Shall I blame your de-parture? Oh!



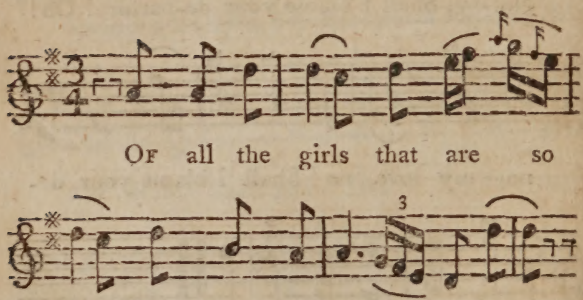
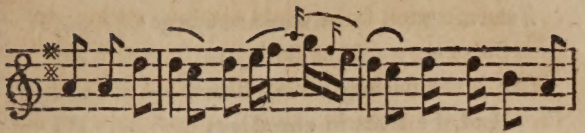
no, my love, no! Shall I blame your de-



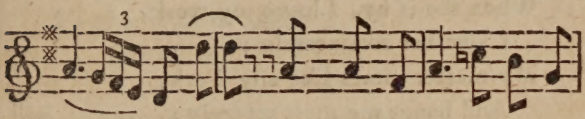
parture? Oh! no, my love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
Do you think I suspect you? Oh no, my love, no!
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet, should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh no, my love, no!

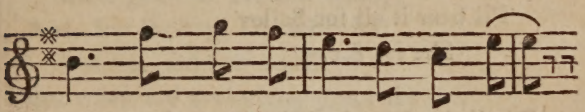
SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY.



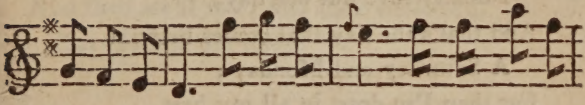
She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



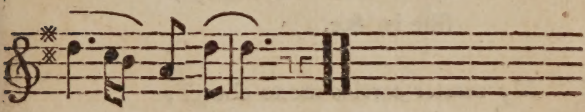
our al - ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the



land, That's half so sweet as Sal - - ley;



She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



our al - ley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em,
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy em:

But sure such folks could not beget
So sweet a girl as Salley;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Salley;
She is, &c.

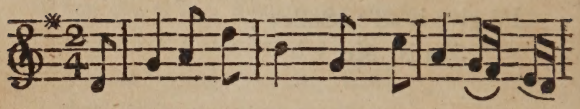
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Salley;
She is, &c.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Salley;
She is, &c.

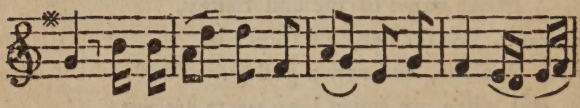
When Christmas comes about again,
  Oh ! then I shall have money ;
I hoard it up, and box and all,
  I'll give it to my honey :
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Salley ;
    She is, &c.

My master and the neighbours all
  Make game of me and Salley,
And, but for her, I'd rather be
  A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
  Oh ! then I'll marry Salley,
And then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
  But not into our alley.

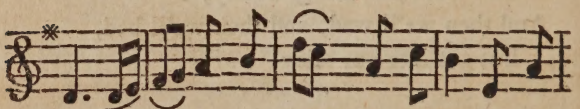
THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.



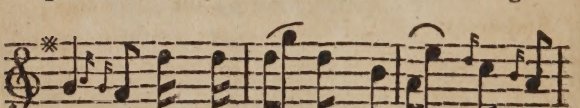
My mam is no more, and my dad in his



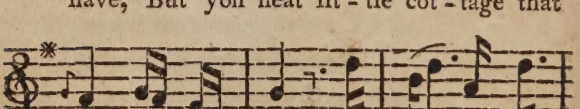
grave, Little orphans are sis - ter and I, sad - ly



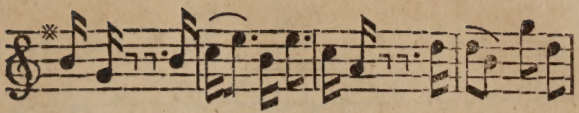
poor; Indus-try our wealth, and no dwelling we



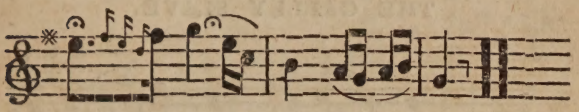
have, But yon neat lit - tle cot - tage that



stands on the moor. Yon neat lit - tle



cottage, Yon neat little cottage, Yon neat little

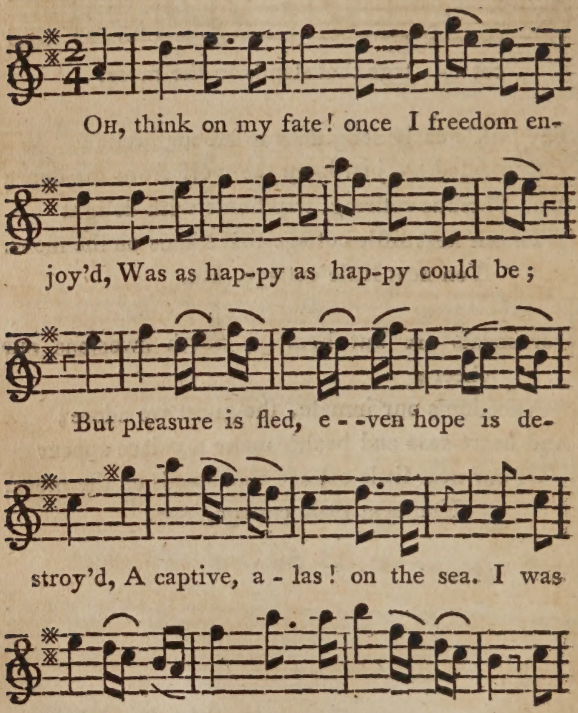


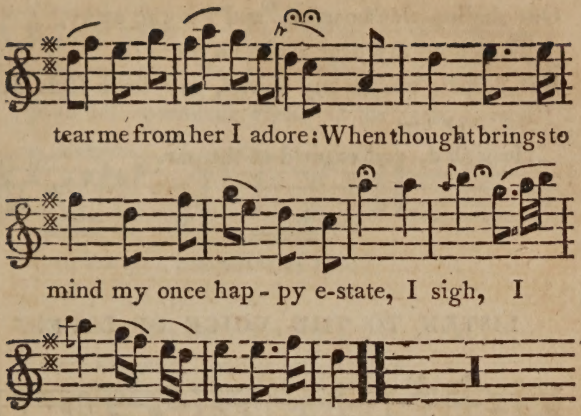
cot - - - tage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite ;
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door ;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer ;
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.


Oh, think on my fate! once I freedom en-
joy'd, Was as hap-py as hap-py could be;
But pleasure is fled, e - -ven hope is de-
stroy'd, A captive, a - las! on the sea. I was
ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fi - at of fate, To

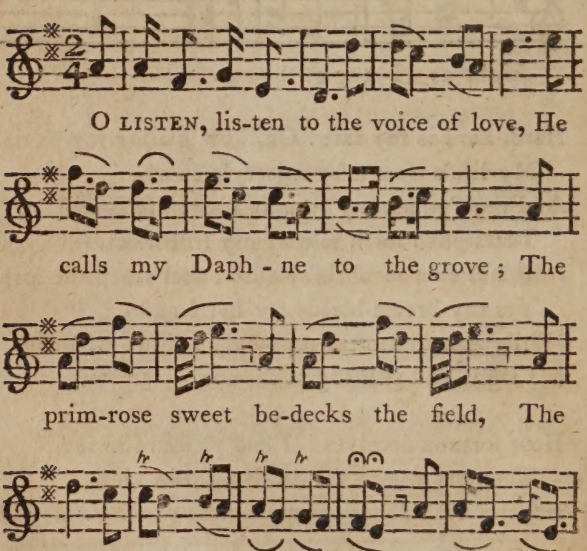


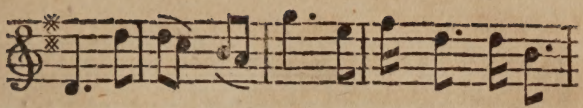
Hard, hard is my fare! Oh, how galling my chain!
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain ev'n to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash,
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore;
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view,
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anna! I hurried from you.

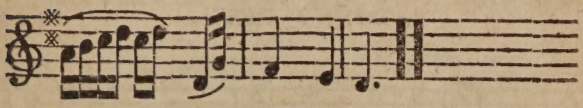
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more ;
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay :—
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.


O LISTEN, lis-ten to the voice of love, He
calls my Daph - ne to the grove ; The
prim-rose sweet be-decks the field, The
tuneful birds in-vite to rove ; To soft - er



joys let splendour yield, O lis - ten, lis-ten

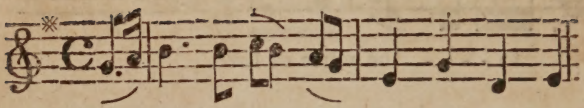


to - - - - the voice of love.

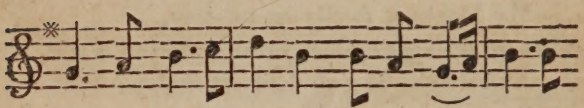
Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne, fondly let us stray,
Where whispering love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay:
O listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys.
Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

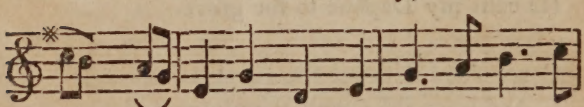
BONNY BET.



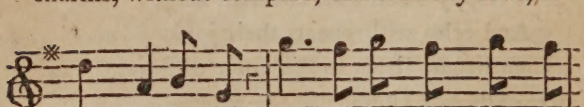
No more I'll court the town-bred fair, Who



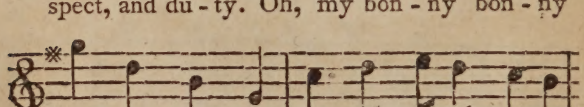
shines in ar-ti-fi-cial beauty, For na-tive



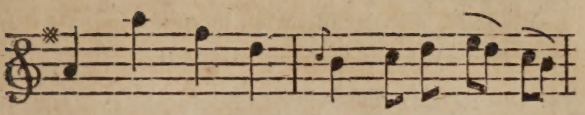
charms, without compare, Claim all my love, re-



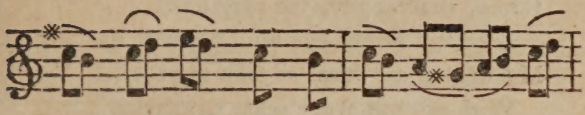
spect, and du-ty. Oh, my bon-ny bon-ny



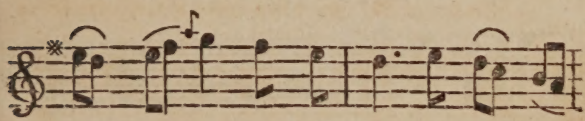
Bet, sweet blossom, Oh, my bon-ny bon-ny



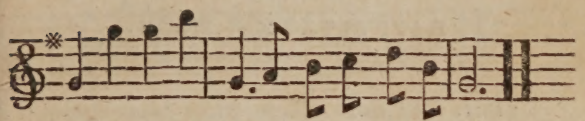
Bet, sweet blos-som; Was I a king, so



proud to wear thee, From off the ver-dant



couch I'd bear thee, To grace thy faith-ful



lover's bosom; O my bonny bonny Bet.

Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye;
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
O, my bonny, &c.

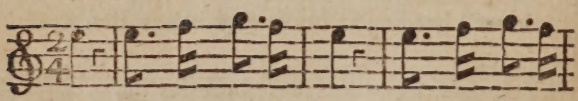
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common,

Ye gods, one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.
O, my bonny, &c.

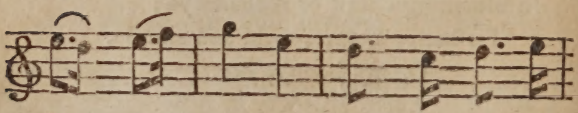
Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing;
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture every sense entrancing.
O, my bonny, &c.

HAPPY TAWNY MOOR.

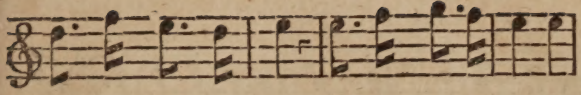
SADI.



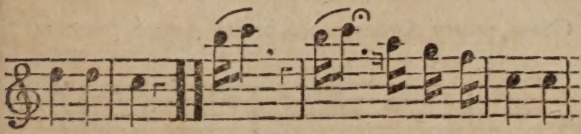
Oh, hap-py tawny moor, hap-py tawny



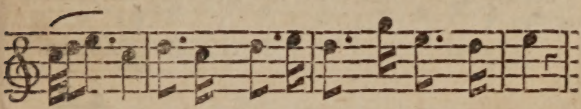
moor, when you love, Climb the mountain



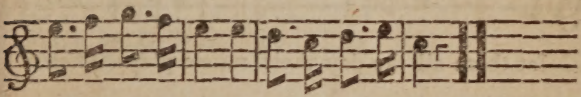
with your true-love, will, will you by the way the



mu-sic play. Your sweet gui-tar a tinkling,



Sa - di Listens to his Spanish la - dy ; Tang

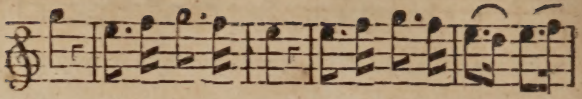


tanki tanki tanki tanki tanki tay.

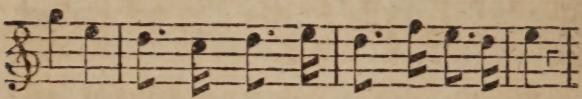
AGNES.

O bonny tawny moor, together,
As we brave the wind and weather,
Won't you by the way
From Agnes stray?
While their guitars are tinkling, Sadi,
Love no other Spanish lady.
Tang tanki, &c.

SADI.

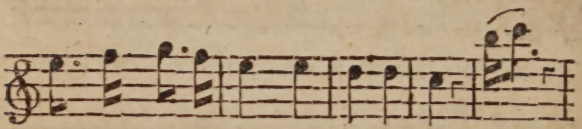


Cease, pretty Agnes, cease, pretty Agnes, cease, no

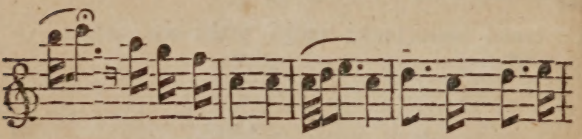


beauty E'er could draw me from my duty, Let,

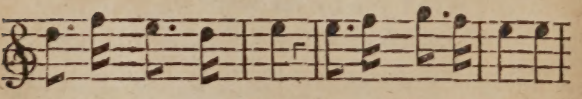
AGNES.



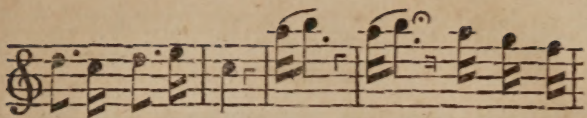
let them all the day their music play. Then



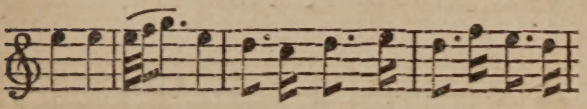
my guitar a-tinkling, Sa-di, Follow now your



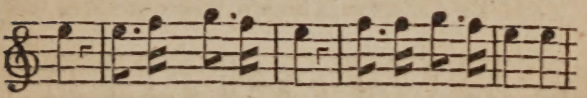
Spanish la-dy. Tang tan-ki tan-ki tan-ki



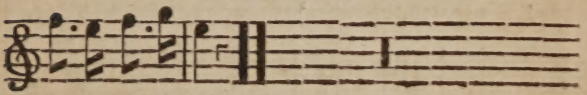
tan-ki tan-ki tay. Then my gui-tar a-



tinkling, Sa - di, Follow now your Spanish la-dy.

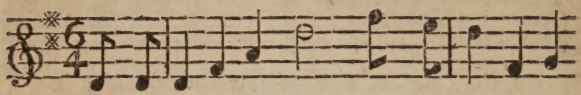


Tang tanki tanki tang tanki tanki tanki

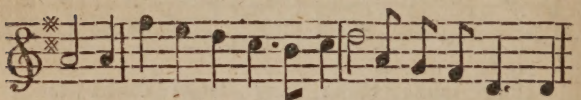


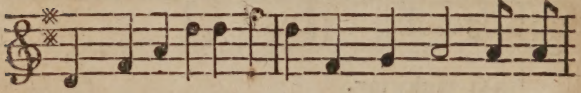
tanki tanki tay.

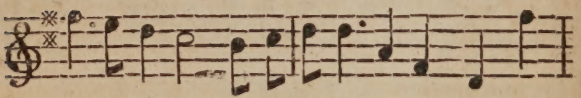
TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

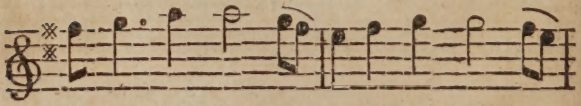


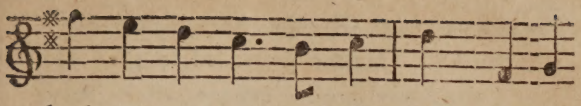
To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full



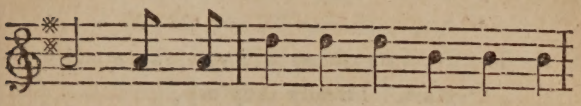
glee, A few sons of harmony sent a pe-ti-tion, That

he their inspirer and patron would be; When this



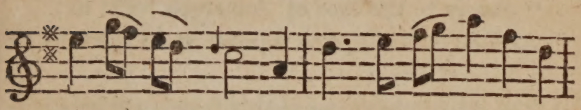
answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian: Voice,

fid-dle, and flute, No longer be mute, I'll



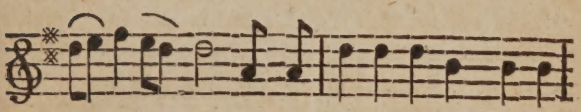
lend you my name, and in - spire you to



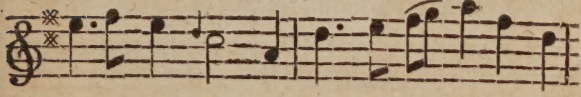
boot; And be - sides, I'll in - struct you like



me to en-twine The myr-tle of Ve-nus with



Bac-chus's vine. And besides I'll instruct you like



me to en-twine The myr-tle of Ve-nus with

Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs:—
" If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pur-
" sue,
" The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
" Hark! already they cry,
" In transports of joy,
" Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
" And there with good fellows we'll learn to en-
" twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

" The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
" And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Shall soon do its errand,
" And, d——me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
" warrant,
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Prythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries
" below;

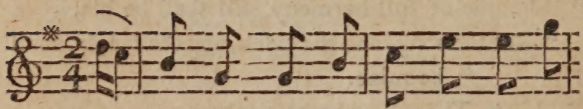
" Your thunder is useless"—then shewing his
laurel,
Cried, " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
" Then over each head
" My laurels I'll spread,
" So my sons from your crackers no mischief
" shall dread,
" Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially
" twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
" The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall
" be mine.
" Then Jove be not jealous
" Of these honest fellows."
Cried Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now
" tell us ;
" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall en-
" twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

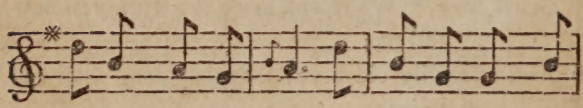
Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand ;
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd ;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

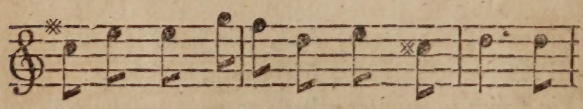
NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.



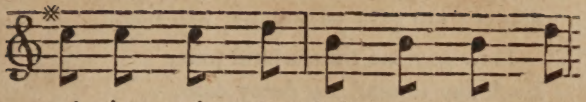
Say, will you leave your vil-lage cot, And



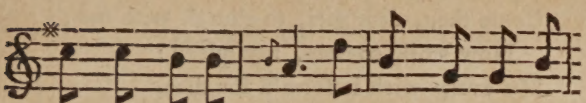
range the fields with me, My mind to soothe on



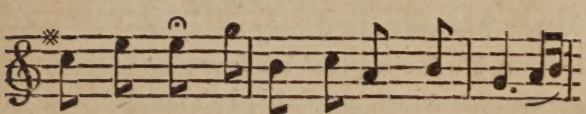
yon fair spot, In-tent on nought but thee. The



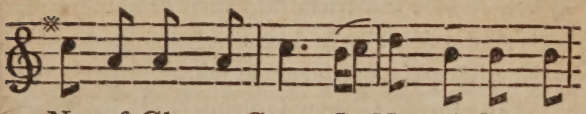
op'n-ing spring that hails the year, So



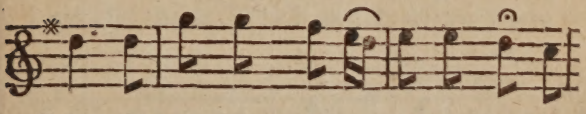
like thy graceful mein, My charming girl, to



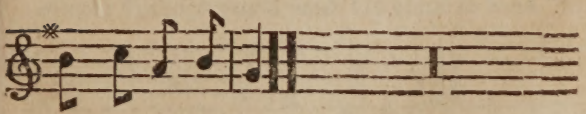
me so dear, Is Nan of Glo-ster Green. Is



Nan of Glo-ster Green, Is Nan of Glo-ster



Green; My charming girl to me so dear, Is

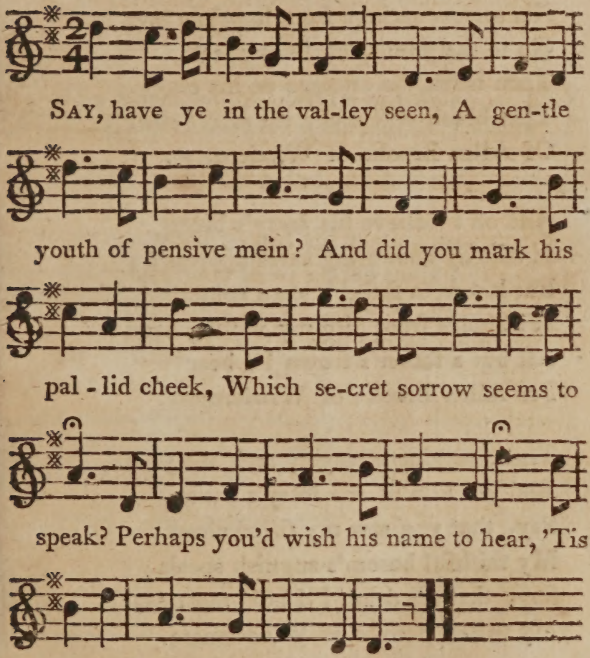


Nan of Gloster Green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,
How gay the time would pass,
Each day to tend my fleecy care,
With you, my lovely lass!
Come then, dear girl, to church with me;
Now smile consent, my queen:
My every wish is form'd for thee,
Sweet Nan of Gloster Green.

Her lily hand and willing heart,
A blush o'erspread her face;
Here, take me, shepherd, let's depart,
And seek the hallow'd place,
Where love and friendship shall combine,
And union e'er be seen:
Now all assist our hands to join,
The joy of Gloster Green.

ALLEN BROOKE OF WINDERMERE.


Say, have ye in the val-ley seen, A gen-tle
youth of pensive mein? And did you mark his
pal-lid cheek, Which se-cret sorrow seems to
speak? Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear, 'Tis
Al-len Brooke of Win-der-mere.

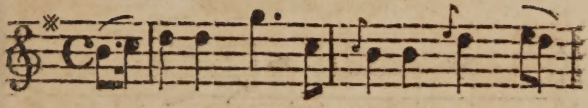
But ah ! the cause that prompts his sigh
That dims with tears his sparkling eye ;
That bids his youthful cheek turn pale,
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail ;
That cause from me you must not hear,
Ask Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Yet needless were his words to prove,
His sorrow springs from hopeless love ;
Go to the youth, of Jessy speak,
Then mark the crimson on his cheek ;
That blush will make the secret clear
Of Allen Brooke of Windermere.

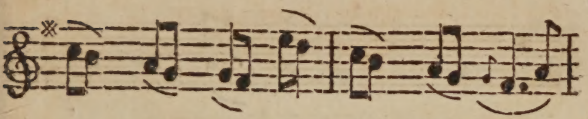
And oh ! believe his Jessy's breast
Is still by answering cares oppress'd ;
But know, a father's stern command,
Withholds from him my willing hand :
All but a father's frown I'd bear
For Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Then, pitying stranger, seek the youth,
And tell him of his Jessy's truth ;
Say, that you saw my faded cheek
My faithful bosom's anguish speak ;
Say, that till death I'll hold most dear
My Allen Brooke of Windermere.

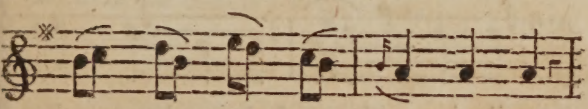
LOVELY NAN.



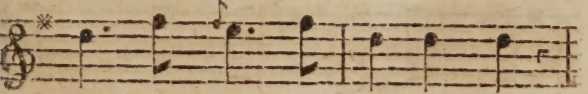
SWEET is the ship that, un-der sail, spreads



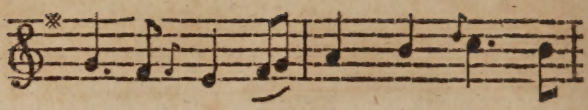
her white bo - som to the gale;



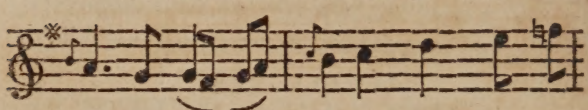
Sweet, oh sweet's the flow - - ing cann;



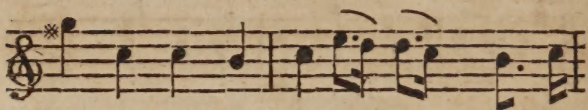
Sweet, oh sweet's the flow - ing cann;



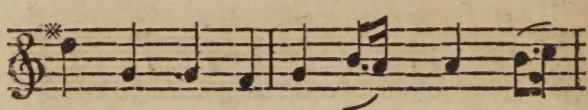
Sweet to poise the lab'r - ing oar, That



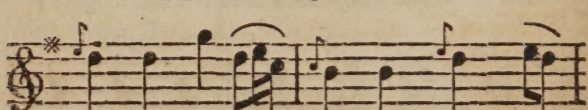
tugs us to our na-tive shore, When the



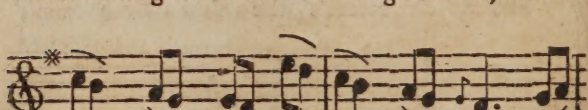
boatswain pipes the barge to mann, When the



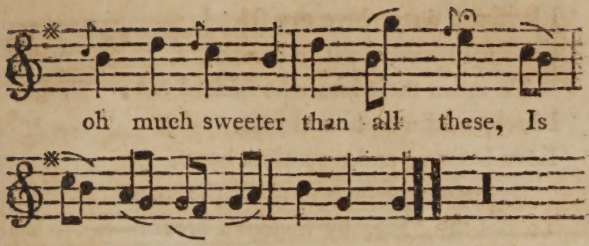
boatswain pipes the barge to mann, Sweet



sail - ing with a fav'-ring breeze, But



oh much sweet-er than all these; But

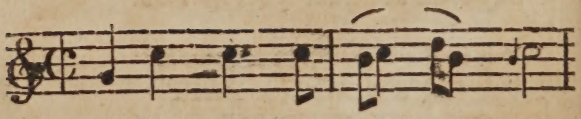


The needle faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My life in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

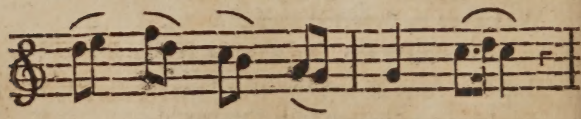
When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran,
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But tho' false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Tho' cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty, and a spotless heart,
By manners, love to shew the man;
To sail thro' life, by honour's breeze——
'Twas all along of loving these,
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

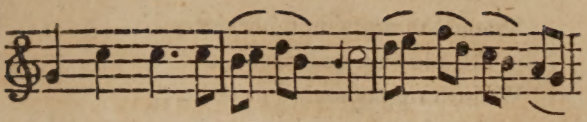
LIRA LIRA LA.



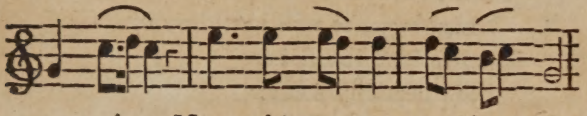
LIT - TLE thinks the towns - man's wife,



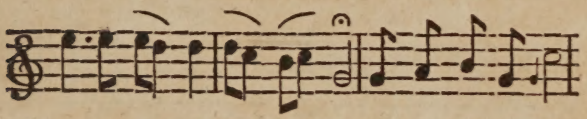
While at home she tar - ri - - es,



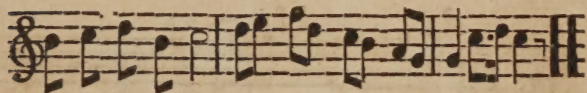
What must be the las-sie's life, who a sol - dier



mar - ries ; Now with wea-ry marching spent,



Dancing now before the tent, Li-ra li - ra la,

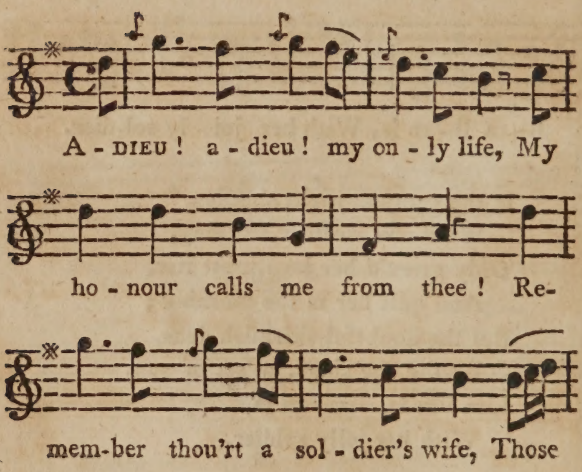


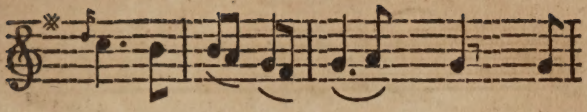
li - ra li - ra la, With her jol - ly sol-dier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning ;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blythe she sings, at set of sun,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

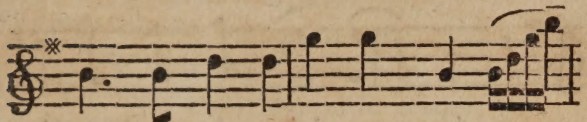
Should the captain of her dear,
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever ;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing, she will put him off,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
For her jolly soldier.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

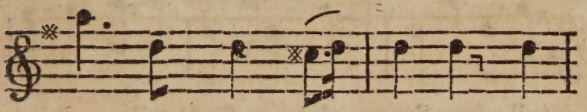




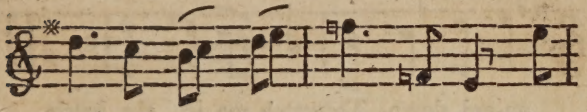
tears but ill be - - come thee. What



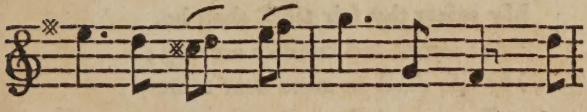
though by du - ty I am call'd Where



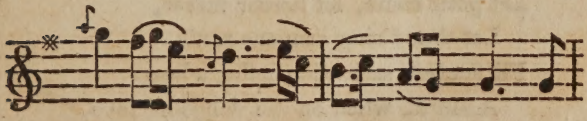
thund'r - ing can - - nons rat - tle, Where



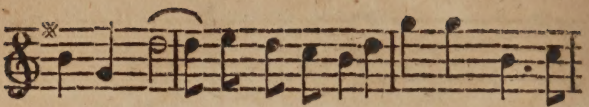
va-lour's self might stand ap-pal'd, Where



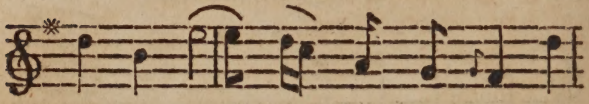
va-lour's self might stand ap - pal'd, When



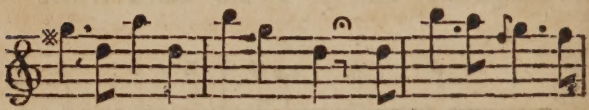
on the wings of thy dear love, To



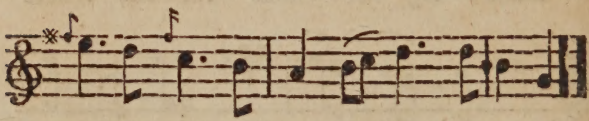
heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown; The



ten - der prayer thou put'st up there, Shall



call a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian

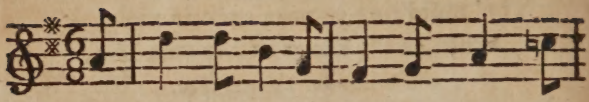


an-gel down, To watch me in the battle.

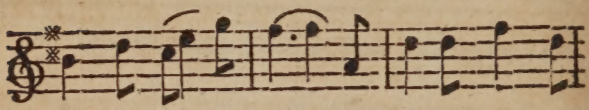
My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
I go, assur'd, my life, adieu !
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

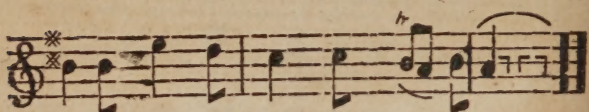
OLD TOWLER.



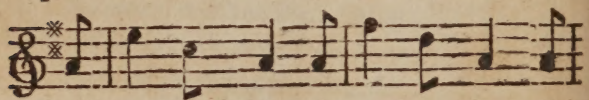
BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



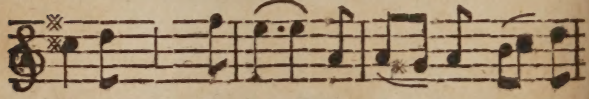
spangles deck the thorn, The lowing herd now



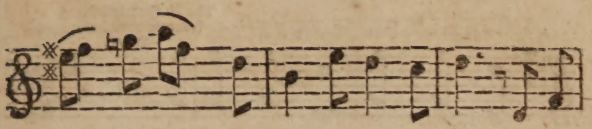
quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn.



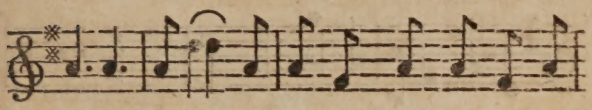
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng, Fleet



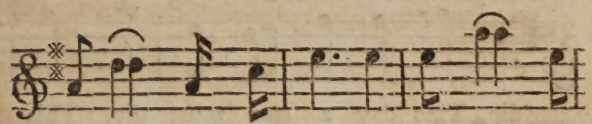
Towler leads the cry, A - rise the bur-den



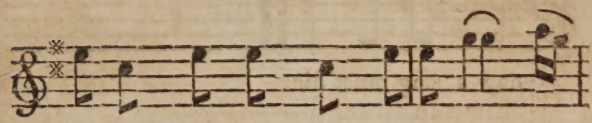
of their song, This day a stag must die, With a



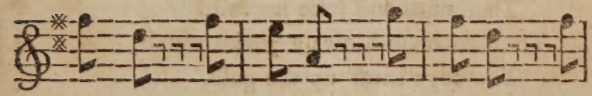
hey, ho, chivey, Hark forward, hark forward tan-



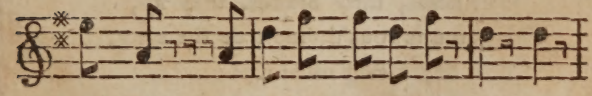
ti - vey, With a hey, ho, chi - vey, Hark



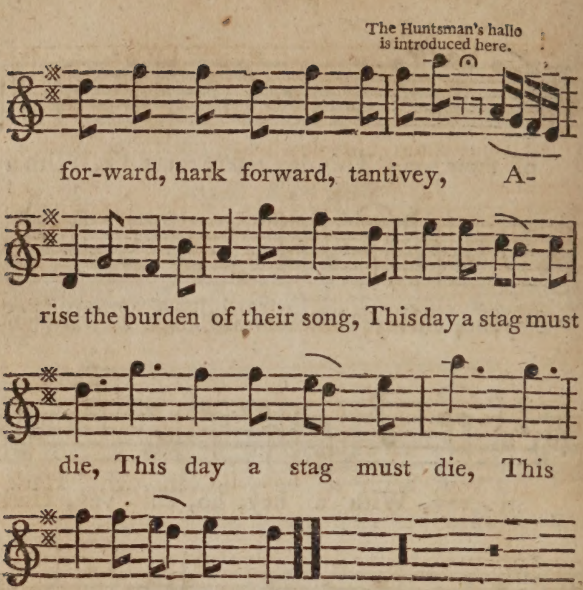
for-ward, hark for - ward, tan ti-vey, Hark



for-ward, hark forward, Hark forward, hark



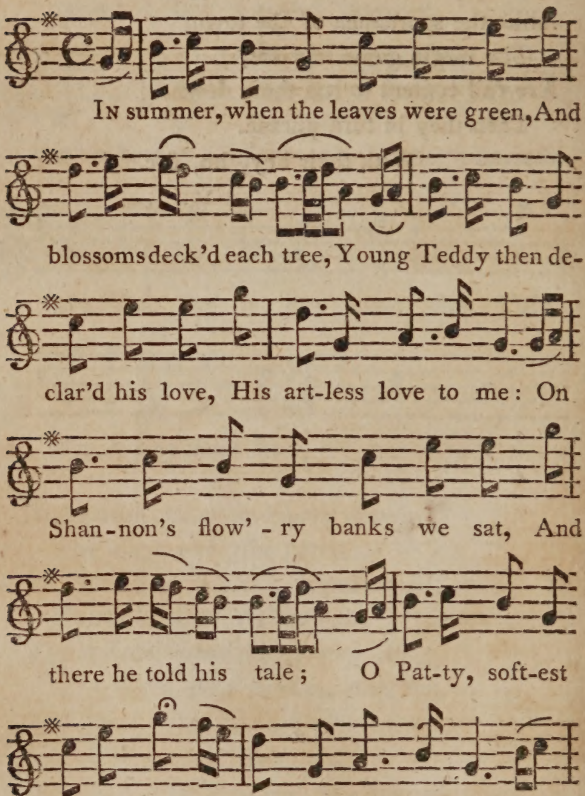
forward, tan-ti-vey, tantivey, Hark, hark

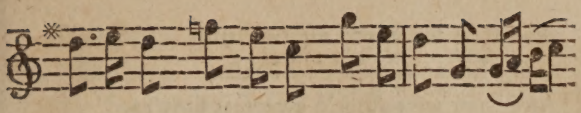

The Huntsman's hallo is introduced here.
for-ward, hark forward, tantivey, A-
rise the burden of their song, This day a stag must
die, This day a stag must die, This
day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale,
The upland lawns they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes, they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

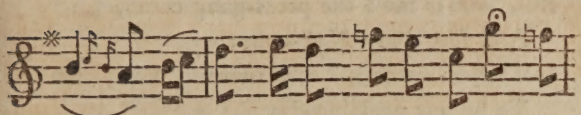
Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With their hey, ho, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.

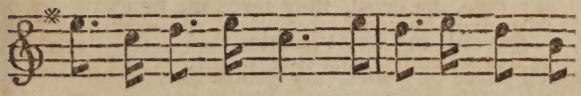

In summer, when the leaves were green, And
blossoms deck'd each tree, Young Teddy then de-
clar'd his love, His art-less love to me: On
Shan-non's flow'-ry banks we sat, And
there he told his tale; O Pat-ty, soft-est
of thy sex, Oh, let fond love pre-vail! Ah,



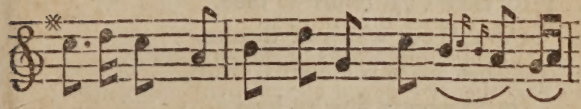
well-a-day! you see me pine In sorrow and de-



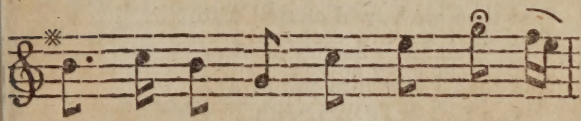
spair, Yet heed me not; then let me die, And



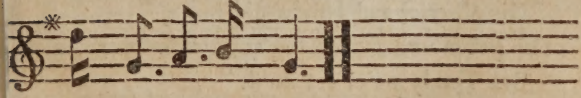
end my grief and care. Ah no, dear youth! I



softly said, Such love demands my thanks, And



here I vow e - - ter - - nal truth, On



Shannon's flow'ry banks.

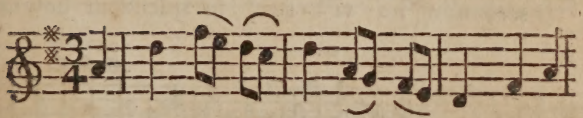
And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs,
And play'd such artless pranks:
But, woe is me! the press-gang came,
And forc'd my Ned away,
Just when we nam'd next morning fair
To be our wedding-day.

My love, he cried, they force me hence,
But still my heart is thine;
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
While war and toil is mine.
With riches I'll return to thee.
I sobb'd out words of thanks,
And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

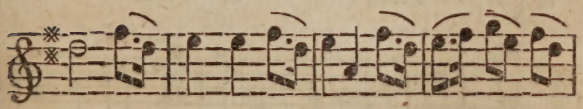
And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then I saw him sail away,
And join the hostile ranks.
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourn'd;
The peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

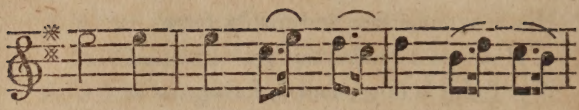
His beauteous face and manly form
Has won a nobler fair;
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,
Must die in sad despair.
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

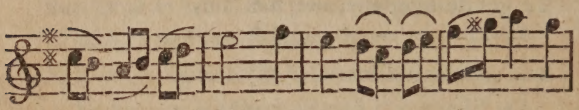
THE BLUSH OF AURORA.



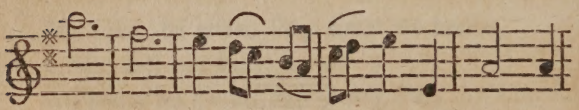
THE blush of Au - ro - ra now tin - ges the



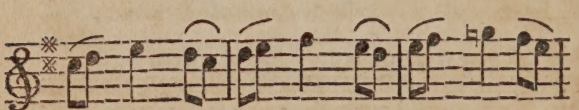
morn, And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented

thorn; Then sound, bro-ther sports-man, sound,



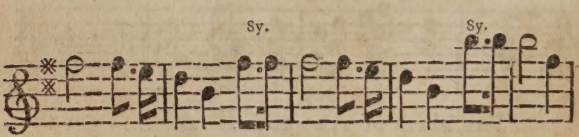
sound the gay horn, Till Phœbus a-wakens the



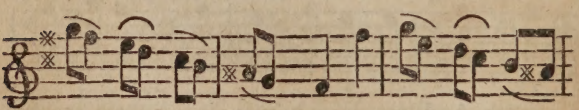
day, Till Phœ-bus a-wa-kens the day. And



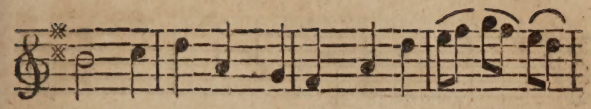
see, now he ri - - ses! in splendour how



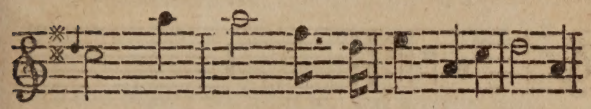
bright! Io Pæan! Io Pæan! For



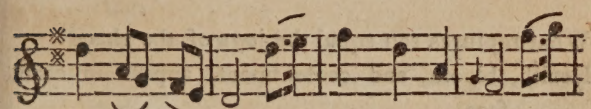
Phœ-bus, for Phœ-bus, the god of de-



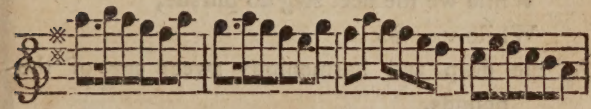
light, All glorious in beau-ty, now ba-nish-es

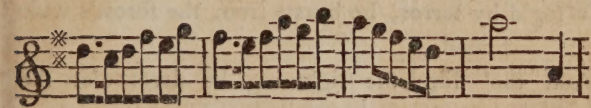


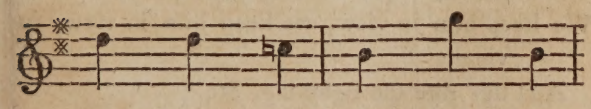
night: Then mount, boys, to horse and away, To



horse and a-way, to horse and a-way, a-

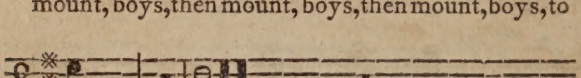


way, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Then



mount, boys, then mount, boys, then

mount, boys, then mount, boys, then mount, boys, to

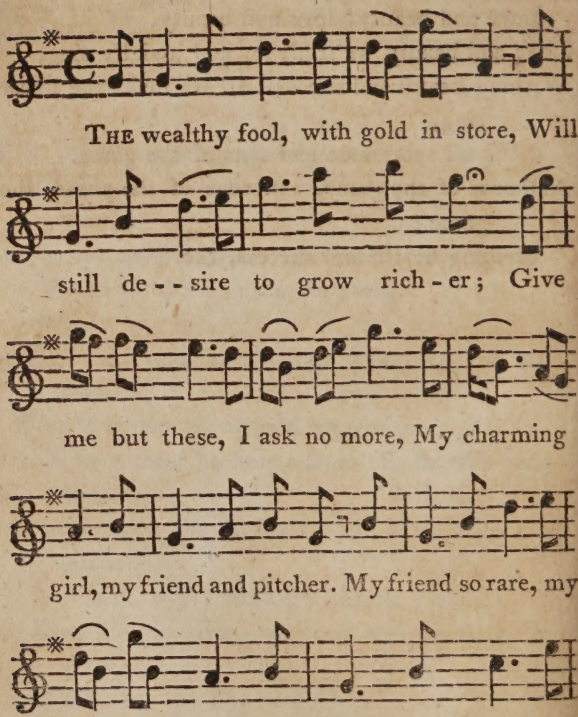


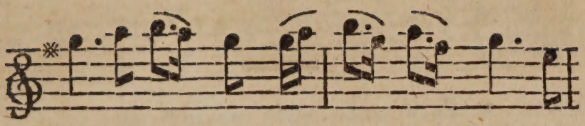
horse and a-way.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace?
Health, bloom, and contentment, appear in each face,
And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet stag do pursue,
While we, &c.
At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,
Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide bounds,
And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.
We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view;
And tho' like the lightning, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter so mighty of fame,
That hunter, &c.
Our glasses then charge to our country and king ;
Love and beauty, love and beauty,
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing,
Wishing health and success, till we make the house ring,
To all sportsmen and sons of the game.
And sons of the game, and sons of the game, the game ;
Wishing health and success, &c.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.


THE wealthy fool, with gold in store, Will
still de - - sire to grow rich - er; Give
me but these, I ask no more, My charming
girl, my friend and pitcher. My friend so rare, my
girl so fair, With such what mor - tal



can be rich - er; Give me but these, a

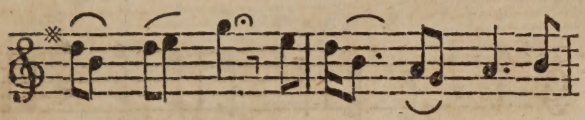
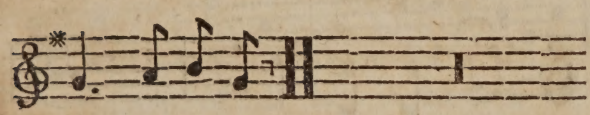


fig for care, With my sweet girl, my

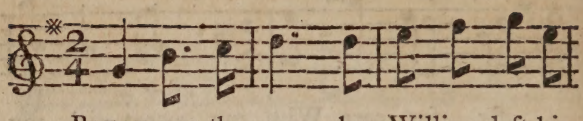


friend, and pitcher.

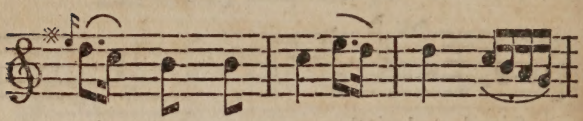
From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door
(I know not what can thus bewitch her),
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

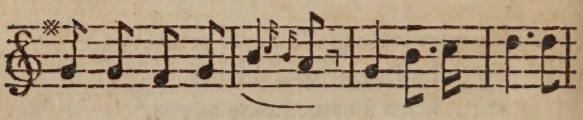
WILLIAM AND NANCY.



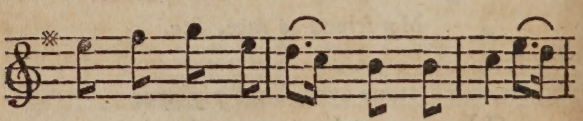
BLEAK was the morn when William left his



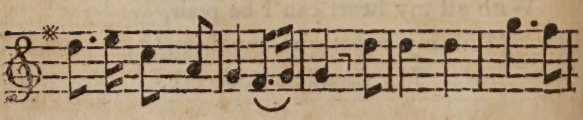
Nan - - cy, The flee - cy snow frown'd



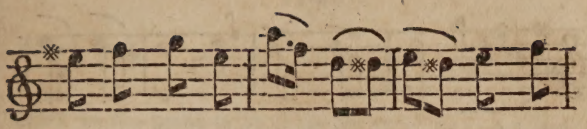
on the whiten'd shore, Cold as the fears that



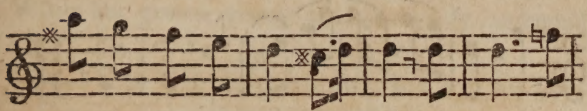
chill'd her drea - ry fan - - cy, While she her



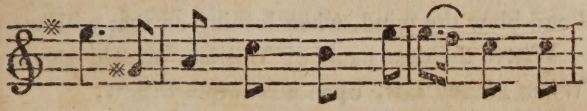
sailor from her bosom tore. To his fill'd heart a



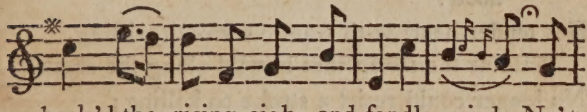
lit - tle Nan-cy press - ing, While a young



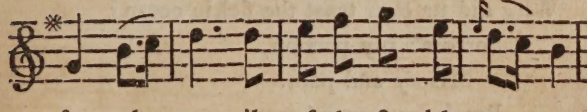
tar the am-ple trou - sers ey'd, In midst of



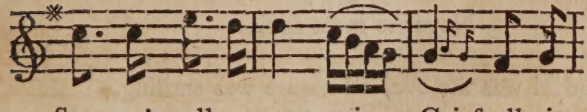
firm-ness in this state dis-tress-ing, Will



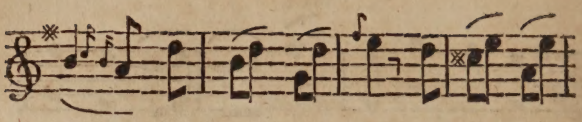
check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried, Ne'er



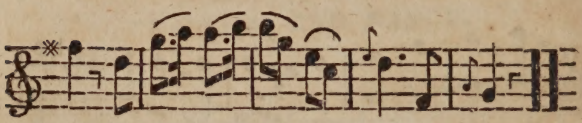
fear the pe - rils of the fic - kle o - cean;



Sor-row's all a no - - tion, Grief all in



vain: Sweet love, take heart, For we but



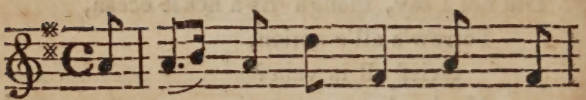
part, In joy, in joy to meet a-gain.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
When Nancy saw, upon a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing;
'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more!
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow's my portion,
Misery and pain.
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.

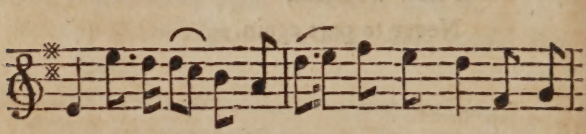
Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy past in grief,

When with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief.
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy;
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.
Did not I say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again.

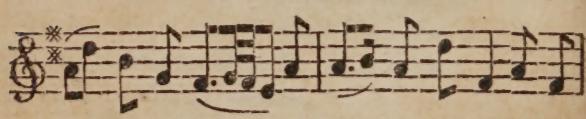
THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.



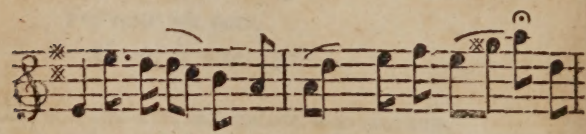
Ah! tell me, ye swains, have you



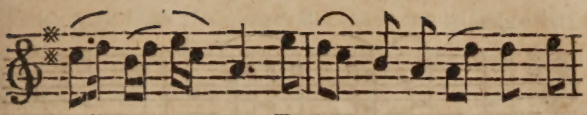
seen my Pasto-ra? O say, have you met the sweet



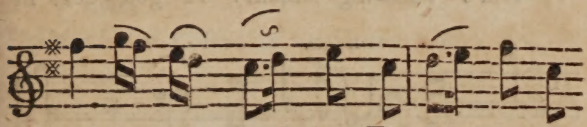
nymph in your way? Transcendant as Venus, and



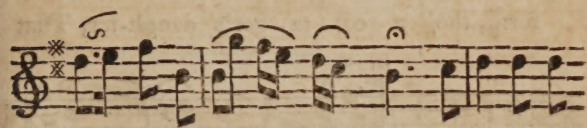
blythe as Au-rora From Neptune's bed ri-sing, to



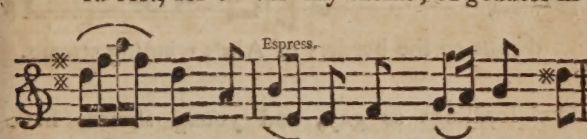
hail the new day. Forlorn do I wan-der, and



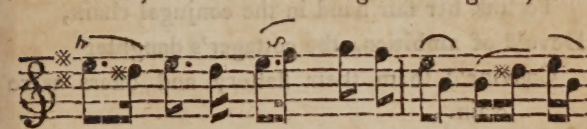
long time have sought her, The fair - est, the



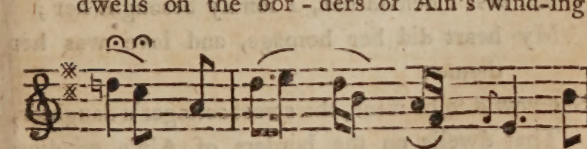
ra-rest, for e - ver my theme; A goddess in



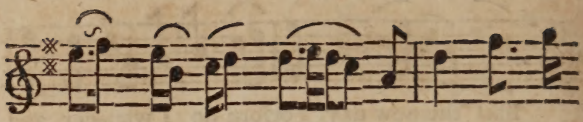
form, tho' a cot - ta - ger's daughter, That

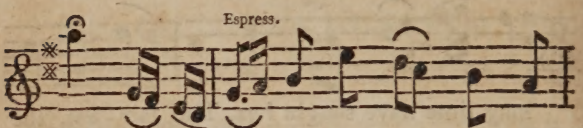


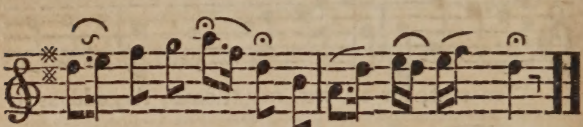
dwells on the bor - ders of Aln's wind-ing



stream, Of Aln's wind - ing stream, Of



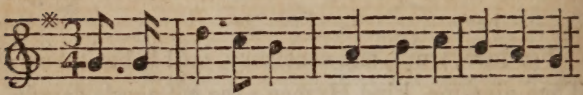




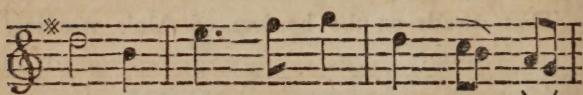
Tho' lordlings so gay, and young squires have sought her,
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain,
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter
Convinc'd them their flattery and offers were vain.
When first I beheld her, I fondly besought her;
My heart did her homage, and love was her theme;
She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish?
Pastora to splendour could ne'er yield her hand;
Ah, no! she returns to remove my fond anguish,
O'er her heart love and truth retain the command.
The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her,
For love, truth, and constancy, still is her theme;
Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

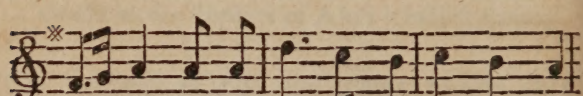
THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH LIBERTY.



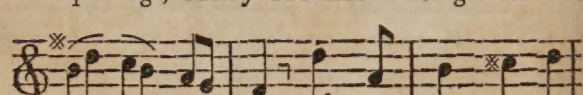
ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at am-bro-si-al



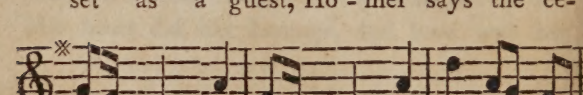
feast, Large bowls of rich nec - - tar were



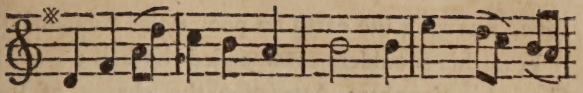
quaffing ; Merry Mo-mus a-mong them was



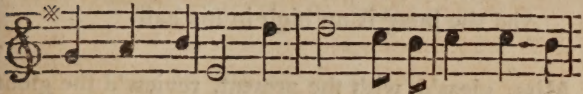
set as a guest, Ho - mer says the ce-



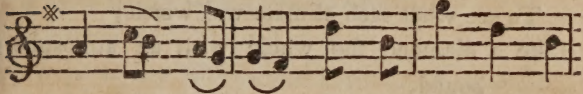
les - tials love laugh-ing: On each in the



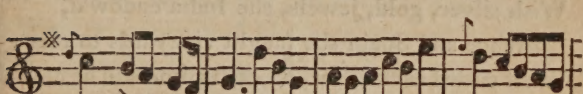
sy-nod the humourist droll'd, So none could his



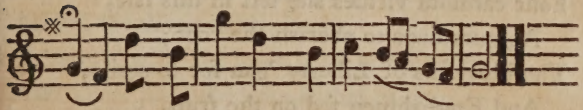
jokes disapprove ; He sang, reparteed, and some



smart sto - ries told, And at last thus be-



gan u-pon Jove, - - - - - - - -



- - And at last thus began u - pon Jove :

" Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
" Grows grievously tired of late ;
" He says that mankind are much worse than be-
" fore,
" So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders commanded the ball;
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
To see what each climate was worth;
Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
And she variously planted the earth.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given!
We will while we've breath—nay, we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to heaven.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat, wasted with care ;
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her favourite son ;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

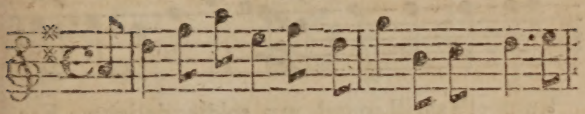
The Sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came :
" Britannia, forbear—not a sigh nor a tear
" For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;
" Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
" For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

" The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
" Have fled from their darksome abodes ;

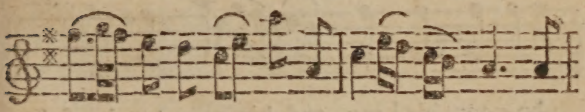
" And, such is the news that in heaven is told,
" They are marching to war with the gods.
" A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
" And this was their final decree:
" That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above;
" And the charge was entrusted to me.

" To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
" Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay:
" He cried, Oh, forbear! let me victory hear,
" And then the commands I'll obey.
" With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
" And bore him away in an urn,
" Lest the fondness he bore for his own native
" shore
" Might tempt him again to return."

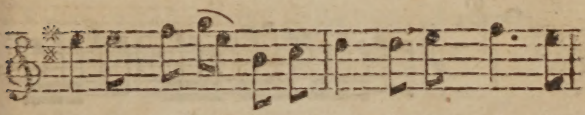
THE BONNY BOLD SOLDIER.

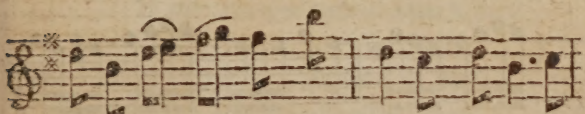


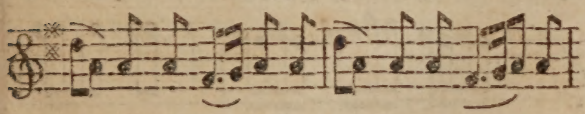
I've plenty of lovers that sue me in vain; My



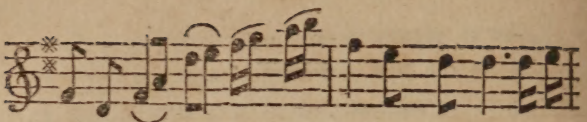
heart is with Willy far o - ver the plain; For



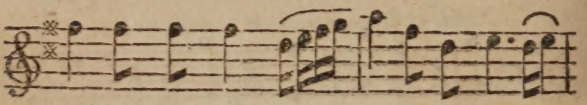
handsome and wit-ty and brave is the swain: The

bonny bold soldier, young Willy's for me. For



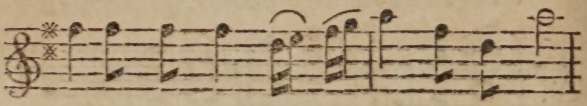
handsome and wit-ty and brave is the swain; The



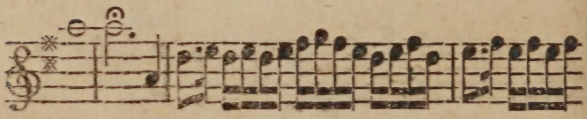
bonny bold soldier, young Willy's for me. In the



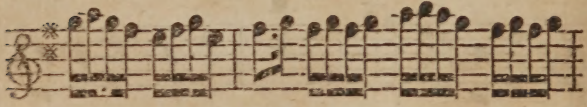
trumpet's shrill sound my soldier delights; For



ho-nour, his king, and his coun-try, he fights,



---- He fights, - - - - - - - -



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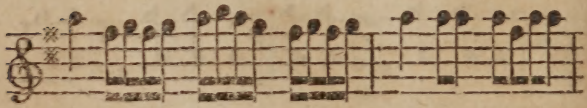
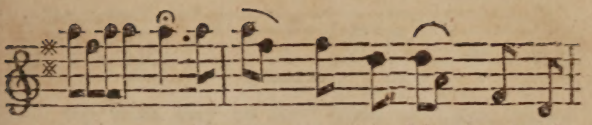
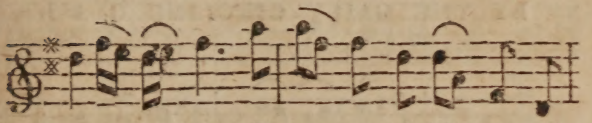


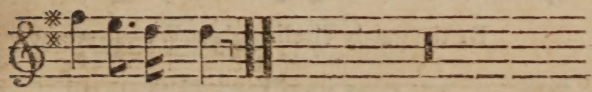
- - - - - - - - - - fights, - -



- - - For ho-nour, his king, and his



country he fights, For honour, his king, and his

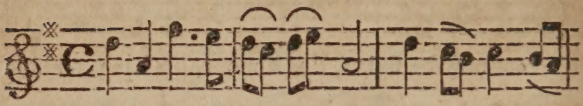


country he fights.

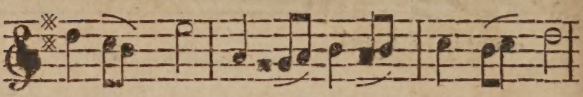
I share with his dress, in the heart of a beau,
The doctor my pulse feels, and ne'er takes a fee;
The one is pedantic, the other all show:
The bonny bold soldier, young Willy, for me.
In the trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

The lawyer so crafty, I fly from in fear;
The dangling poet I shun when I see.
Once more, O ye powers, restore me my dear,
The bonny bold soldier, young Willy, to me.
In the trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

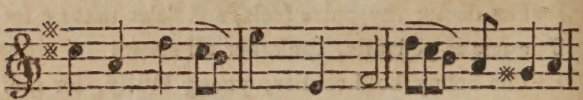
BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.



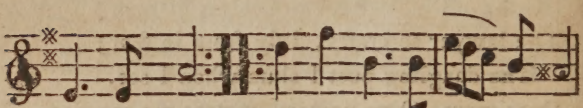
By the gai-ly circling glass, We can see how



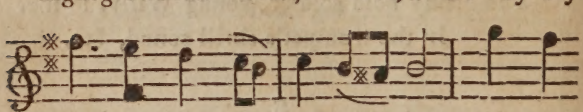
mi-nutes pass; By the hol-low flask we're told



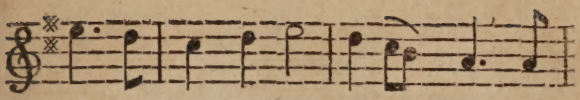
How the waning night grows old, How the waning



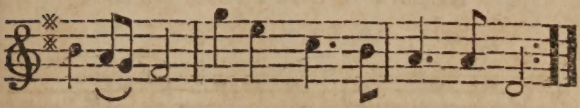
night grows old. Soon, too soon, the bu - sy day



Drives us from our sport a - way; What have



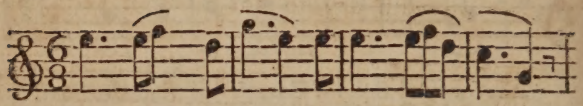
we with day to do? Sons of Care, 'twas

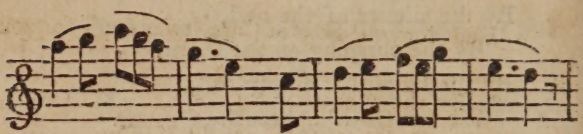


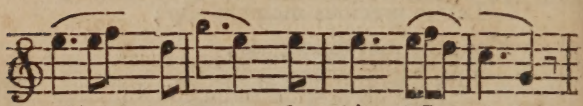
made for you! Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

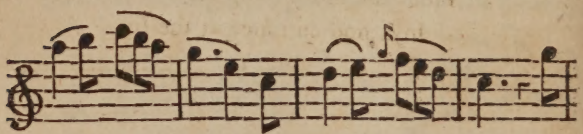
By the silence of the owl,
  By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
  We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
  Let no precious moment slip;
Flout the moralizing ass;
  Joys find entrance at the lip.

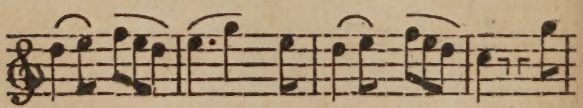
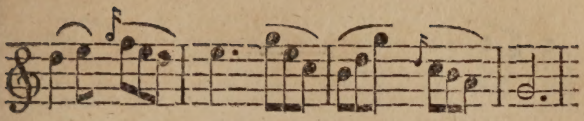
HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.



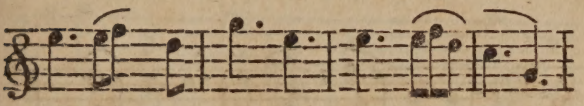




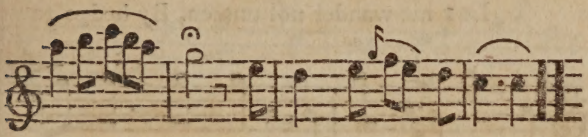




love soon won my vir - - - gin heart;

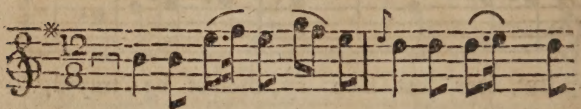


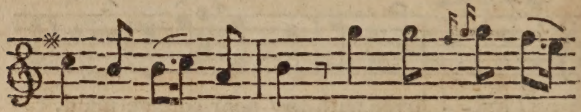
But, dear - est Hen - ry, thou'st be - tray'd



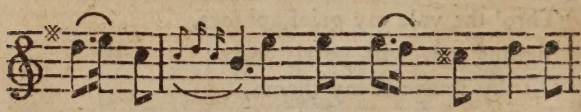
Thy - - love, with thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies,
For oh, dear Henry! thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear cottage maid.

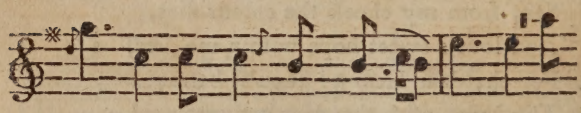
LET ME WANDER NOT UNSEEN.

LET me wander not unseen, By hedge-row



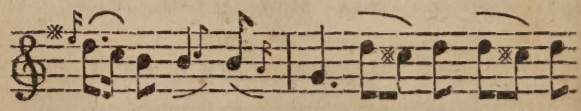
elms, on hil-locks green. There the ploughman,



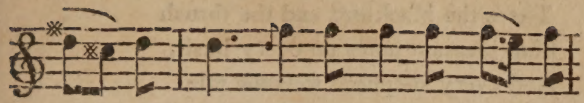
near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd



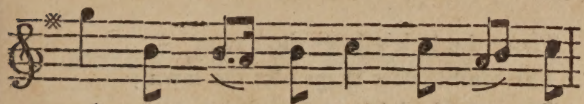
land, There the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles



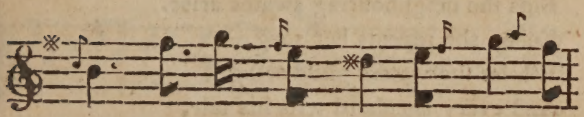
o'er the fur-row'd land: And the milkmaid



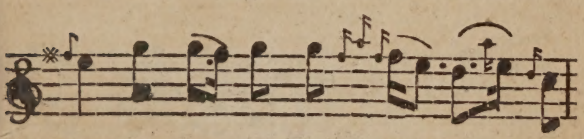
sing - eth blythe, And the mow-er whets his



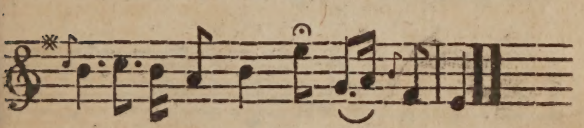
scythe, And ev' - - ry shep - herd tells his



tale, Un - der the haw - thorn in the



dale, And ev' - ry shep - - herd tells his



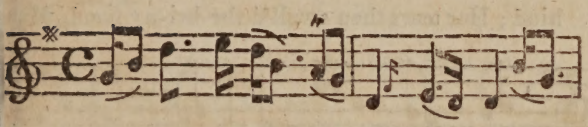
tale, Under the hawthorn in the dale.

There the violet decks the ground,
Diffusing native sweets around ;
There the lambs and lambkins play,
Harmless, sporting time away ;

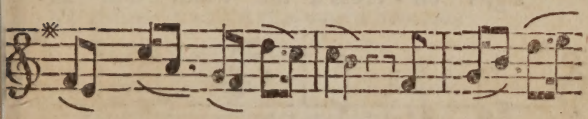
There the blackbird and the thrush
Sing pleasant notes on every bush,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

There the lark salutes the dawn,
The nimble deer skips o'er the lawn ;
There the jovial huntsman cries,
Bids the neighbouring swains arise.
Echo, she repeats her song,
Whilst the waters glide along ;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

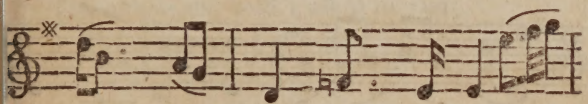
SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.



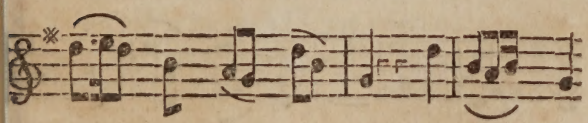
SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear, When



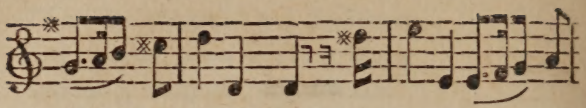
forc'd from her to go, A - down her



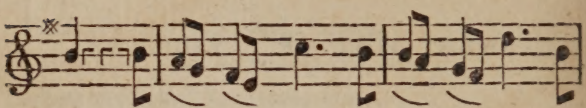
cheeks rain'd ma - - ny a tear, My



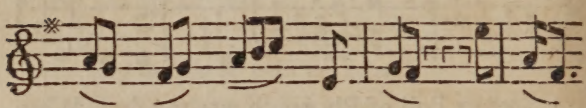
heart was fraught with woe. Our an - chor



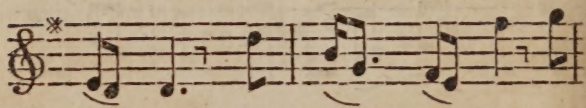
weigh'd, for sea we stood, The land we left be-



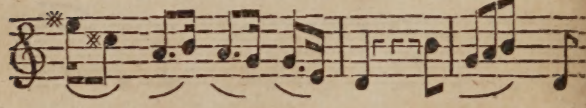
hind; Her tears then swell'd the bri-ny flood, My



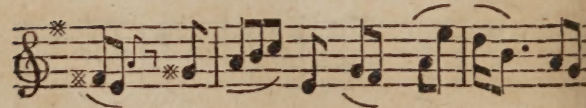
sighs en - creas'd the wind. Our an-



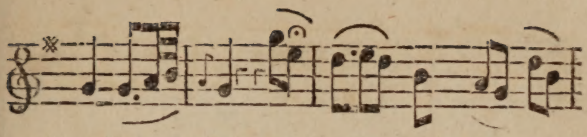
chor weigh'd, for sea we stood, The



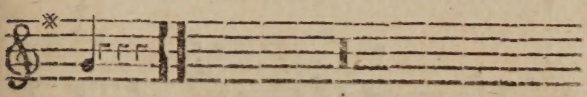
land we left be - hind; Her tears then



swell'd the bri - ny flood, My sighs en-



creas'd the wind, My sighs en-creas'd the

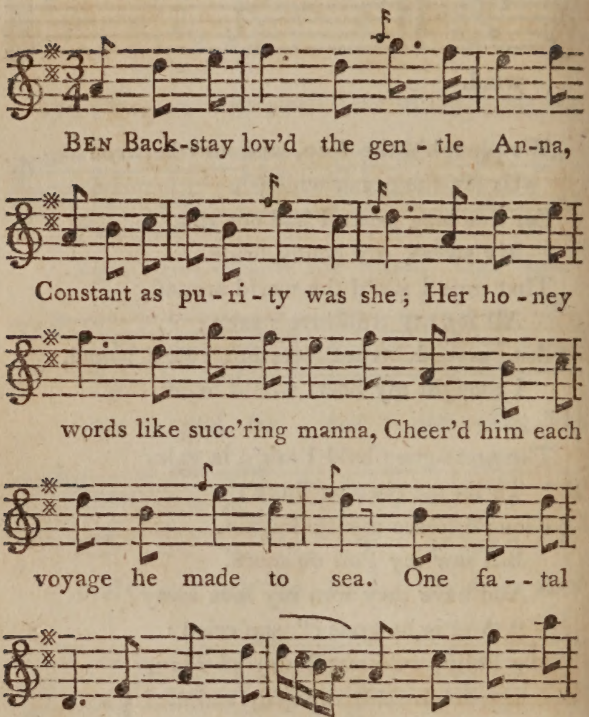


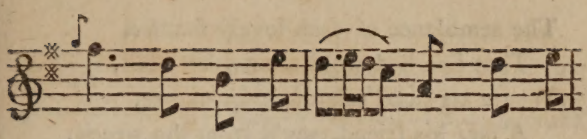
wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide ;
For five long years I had not seen
My sweet, my bonny bride.
That time I sail'd the world around,
All for my true-love's sake ;
But, press'd, as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

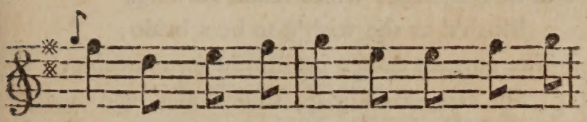
The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,
To let me once on shore ;
I long'd to see my Poll again,
But saw my Poll no more.
" And have they torn my love away ?
" And is he gone ?" she cried :
My Polly, sweetest flower of May,
She languish'd, droop'd, and died.

BEN BACKSTAY.

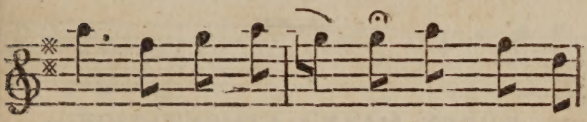

BEN Back-stay lov'd the gen - tle An-na,
Constant as pu - ri - ty was she; Her ho - ney
words like succ'ring manna, Cheer'd him each
voyage he made to sea. One fa - - tal
morn-ing saw them part-ing, While each the



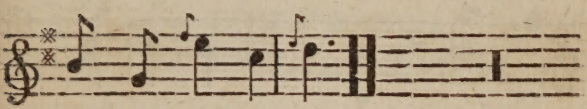
o - ther's sor - row dried; They, by the



tear that then was starting, They, by the



tear that then was start-ing, Vow'd they'd be

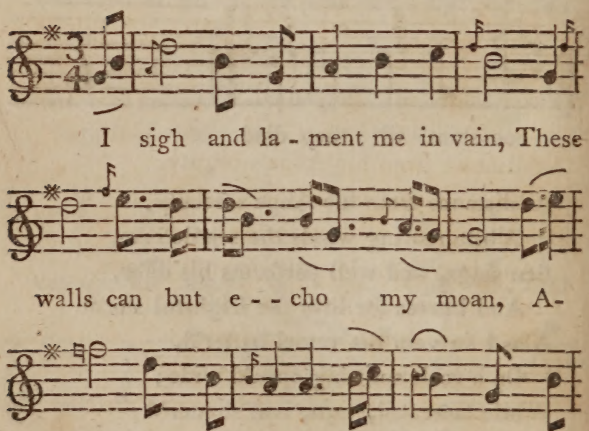


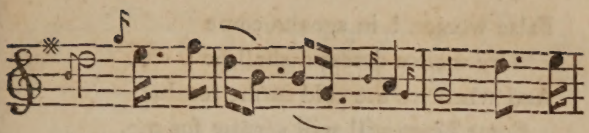
con-stant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While roaring winds the sea deform,
Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm.
Alas! in vain the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting open'd wide;
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd;
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

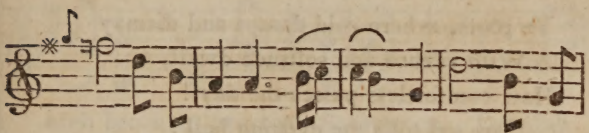
The semblance of each lovely feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

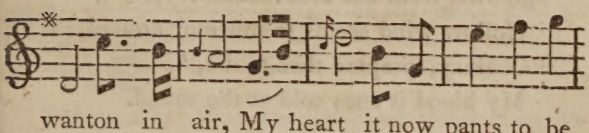
QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

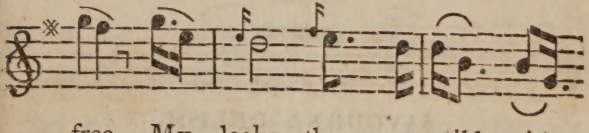




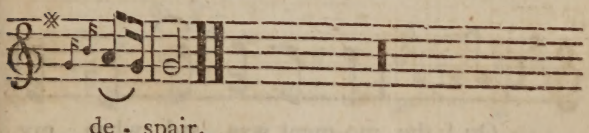
think of the days that are gone: Thro' the



grate of my prison I see The birds as they

wanton in air, My heart it now pants to be



free, My looks they are wild with



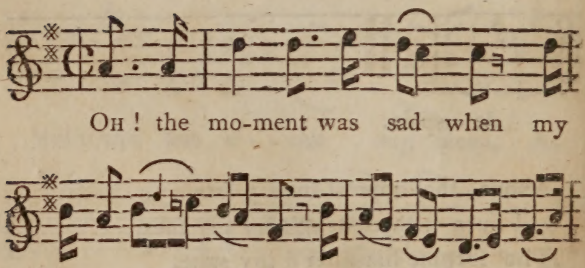
de - spair.

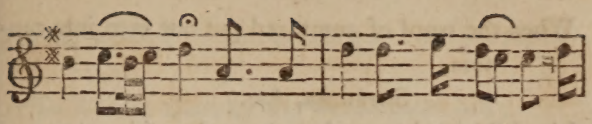
Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman ! in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be ;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

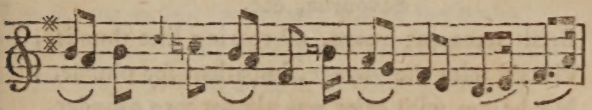
Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day !
How sad tolls the evening bell !
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
" O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SAVOURNA DELISH.

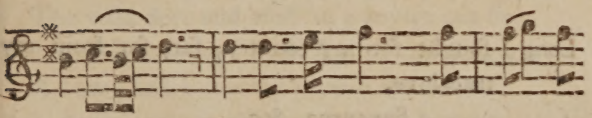




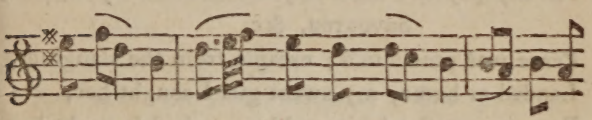
Shi-gan Oh! As I kiss'd off her tears, I was



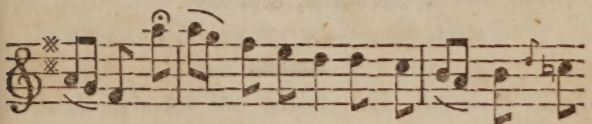
nigh bro-ken heart-ed, Sa-vour-na De-lish



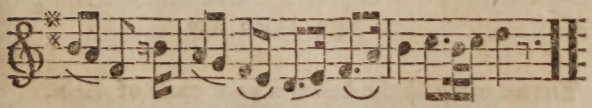
Shi-gan Oh! Wan was her cheek which hang on



my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no marble was



cold-er, I felt that I ne-ver a-gain should be-



hold her, Sa-vour-na De-lish Shi-gan Oh.

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.
I buckl'd my knapsack to cross the wide ocean ;
Savourna, &c.
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder ;
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true-love,
Savourna, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd ; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas ! to a cold grave had brought her,
Savourna, &c.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

TO THE SAME AIR.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill,

For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

O sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah, never again in the green-shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or are alive to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire did weep for its fall;
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh.
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavoureen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

THE IRISH MANIAC.

TO THE SAME AIR.

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged
border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose
array'd,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd.
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern sur-
rounded,
At her side speckled daisies and wild flow'rs abound-
ed;
To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded;
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded;
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her
cheek;
Her tresses a wreathe of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her
neck.

While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, " O my
" mother !
" See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my
" brother !
" They have torn his poor flesh, and now strip a-
" nother ;
" 'Tis Conner, the friend of poor Mary le More.

" Though his locks were as white as the foam of
" the ocean,
" Those wretches shall find that my father is
brave ;
" My father !" she cried, with the wildest emo-
tion,
" Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the
" grave :
" They have toll'd his death-bell, they've laid the
" turf o'er him,
" His white locks were bloody, no aid could re-
" store him ;
" He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will de-
" plore him,
" When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le
" More."

A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew
near her,
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay ;

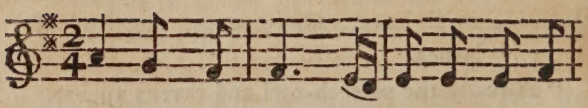
"Hush! hush!" she continu'd, "the trumpet
"sounds clearer,
"The horsemen approach! Erin's daughters,
"away!"
Ah! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was
burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourn-
ing—
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take
warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away! bring the ointment! O God! see those
"gashes!
"Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear;
"Anon, we'll have vengeance for those dreadful
"lashes,
"Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.
"By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
"With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make
"my pillow,
"Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the
"curl'd billow,
"Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

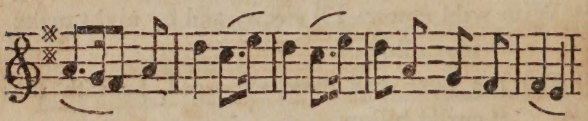
Thus rav'd the poor maniac in tones more heart-
rending
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,

When lo! on the waste, and their march towards her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.
"O the fiends!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted:
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

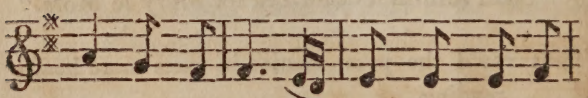
SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.



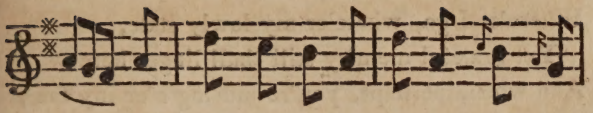
SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad re-verse to



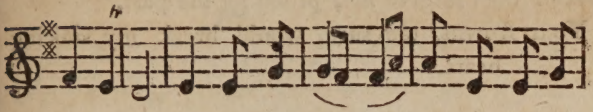
prove, To quit each object of my infant care,



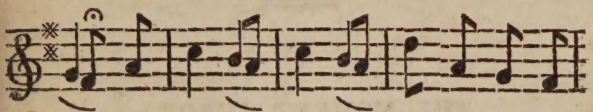
Torn from an honour'd pa - rent's ten - der



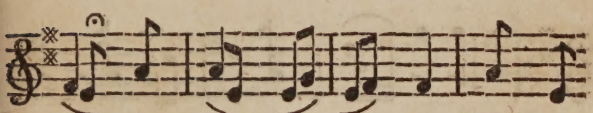
love, And driv'n the keenest, keenest storms of



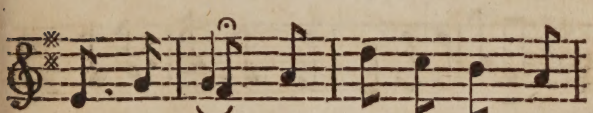
Fate to bear, Ah! but forgive me, piti-ed let me

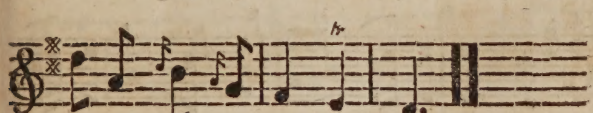


part, Ah ! but for-give me, piti-ed let me



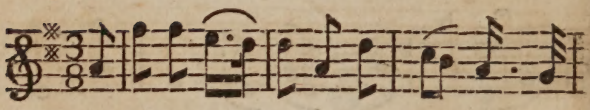
part, Your frowns, too sure, would break my

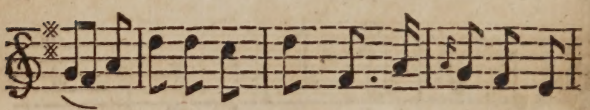


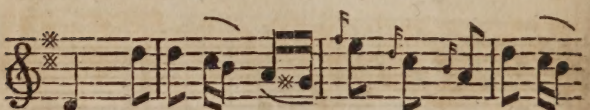
sink - ing heart, Your frowns, too sure, would

break my sink-ing, sink-ing heart.

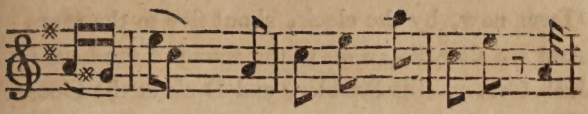
Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

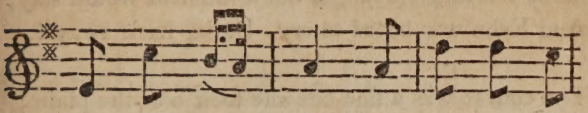
THE MOMENT AURORA.

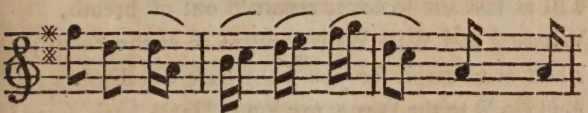




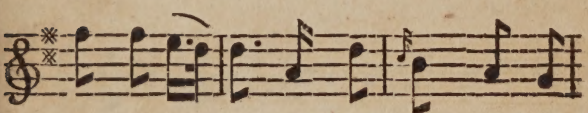




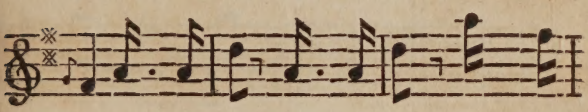
the hounds; Who live-ly and met-tle-some

frisk'd o'er the grounds. And now we're all



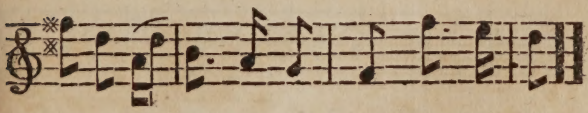
saddl'd, fleet, dap-ple, and grey; Who seem'd



long-ing to hear the glad sound, hark a-



way! Hark a-way! Hark a-way! Who seem'd

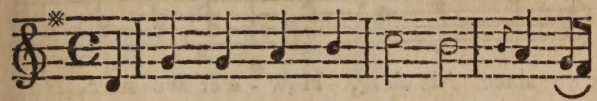


longing to hear the glad sound, hark a-way!

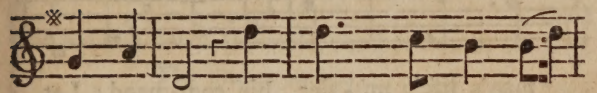
'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn;
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn:
Jack Garter, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Goose,
When, all of a sudden, out starts Mrs Puss;
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
And Echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away!

The course was a fine one she took o'er the plain;
Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display;
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, Hark, hark away!

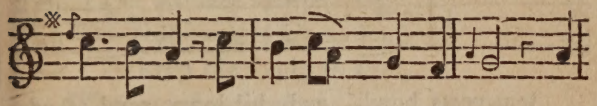
WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.



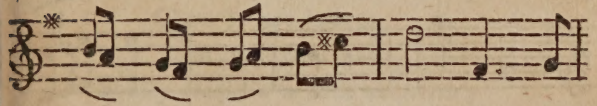
'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, When we



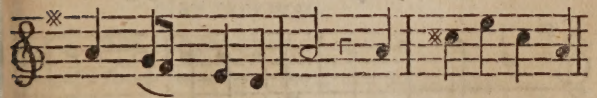
leave the shore, Our friends should mourn lest



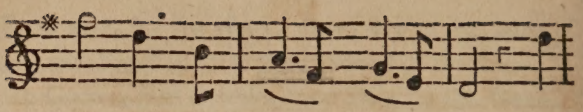
we re-turn to bless their sight no more. But



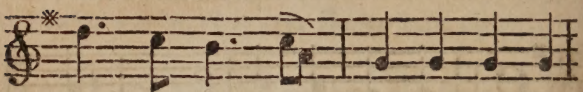
this is all a no - - tion Bold



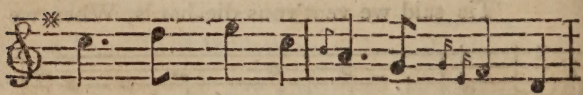
Jack can't understand; Some die upon the



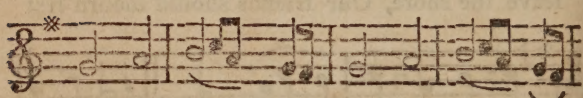
o - cean, And some on land. Then



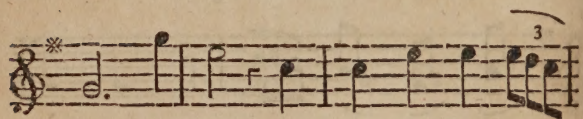
since 'tis clear, How - e'er we steer, No



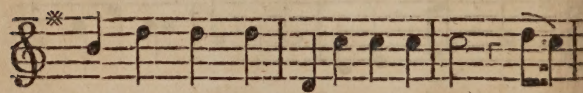
man's life's un - der his com-mand; Let



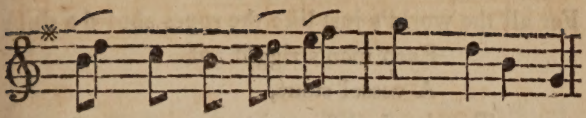
tem-pests howl, and bil-lows rowl, And



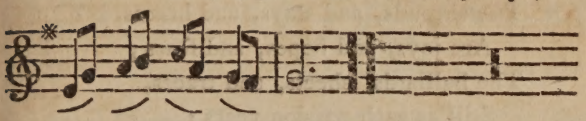
dan - ger press, Of those in spight there



are some joys, Us jol-ly tars to bless; For



Sa - tur - day night still comes, my boys, To

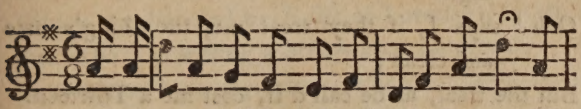


drink to Poll and Bess.

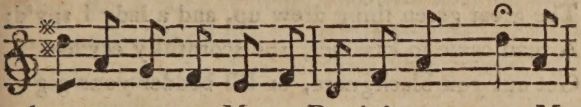
One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog.
Thus each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,
What argufies noration,
The rest is fortune's whim.
Cheer'ly my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And danger press ;
Of those in spight there are some joys,
Us jolly tars to bless ;
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship;
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip:
The shrouds, and stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still as each passion veers;
And whim prevails
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers.
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And danger press;
Of those in spight there are some joys,
All jolly tars to bless;
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

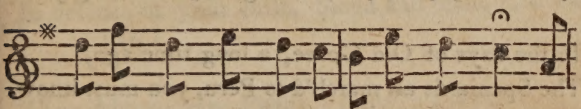
PADDY'S DESCRIPTION OF PIZARRO.

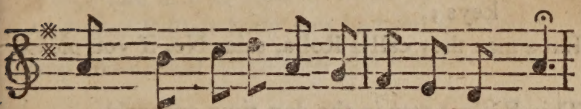


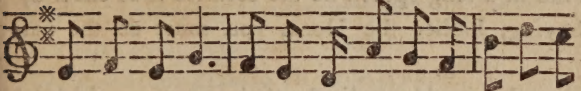
FROM the county of Monaghan lately I came, The



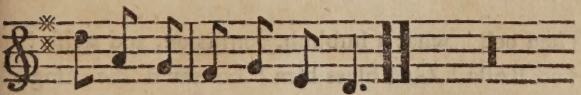
har-vest to reap, Master Doody's my name; My



cou-sin Shaugh-nos-sy I met t'other day, Says

he, Won't you go to the Dru-ry-Lane play?



Tol de rol la, Tol de rol la ra la, tol de rol



la ra la, la ra la, la.

Is't the play that you mean?—Arrah, Doody you're right,
Where they treat the whole town with Pizarro to-night.
Och! says I, if they treat me, the thing's nate and clean;
But the treat, as he call'd it, cost me a Thirteen.

The great green thing drew up, and a lady I spy'd;
A man came to kiss her, she scornfully cry'd—
Get out you blackguard, or I'll bodder your gig:
Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.

In the days of Old Goree, a long time ago,
The Spaniards all march'd to Peru, you must know;
Saying, Give us your jewels, your cash, and your keys;
But a man they call'd Rolla, said, No, if you please.

This Rolla a star in the day-time appear'd,
And in a long speech he the soldiers thus cheer'd,
Saying, Lather the Dons, you must do the nate thing,
For who wou'd not die for their country and king?

Then och! what a hubbub, confusion, and strife!
And Rolla! God bless him! he sav'd the king's life:

Then went to Alonzo, coop'd up in a jail,
And, sending him off, staid himself in for bail.

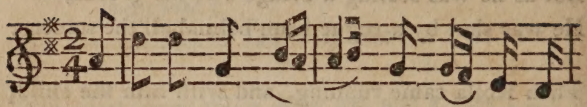
Then Pizarro came forward, and with a garsoon,
Which was handled by Rolla as I would a spoon;
But as he was scaling a bridge o'er the greens,
He was shot by a rogue from behind all the screens.

Then Rolla came running, and with him the child,
And he look'd all the world just as if he was wild;
Saying, Take the dear creature, it's my blood that's
spilt;
In defence of your child, blood and ouns, how I'm
kilt!

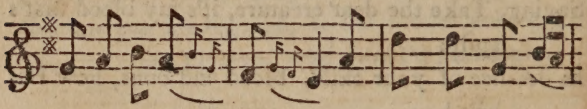
Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,
Which laid him as dead as old Bryan Barrow;
And poor Rolla's body was laid out in state,
And twenty fair virgins all join'd at his wake.

Then Alonzo came forward, and handsomely bow'd,
Saying, Ladies and Gentlemen (meaning the crowd),
All with your permission to-morrow night then,
We'll murder Pizarro all over again.

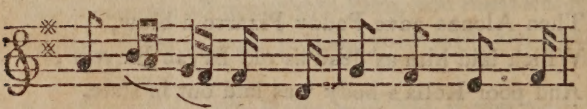
THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

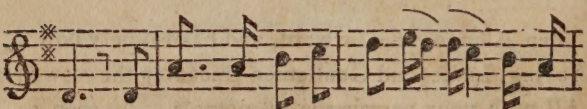


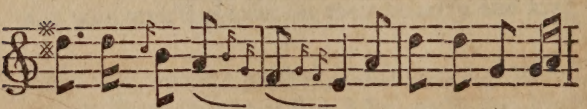
HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The



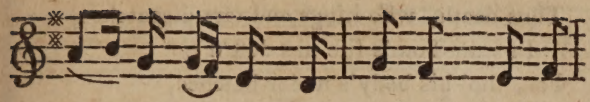
darling of our crew; No more he'll hear the



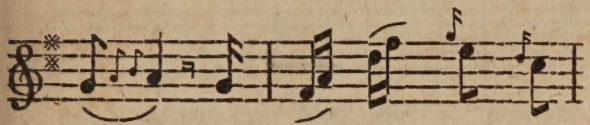
tem-pest howl-ing, For death has brought him

to. His form was of the manliest beauty, His



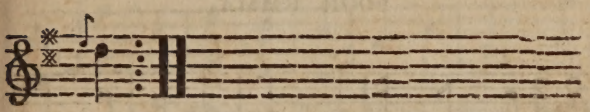
heart was kind and soft; Faithful be-low he



did his du - ty, And now he's gone a-



loft, - - And now he's gone a-



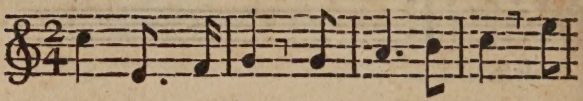
loft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

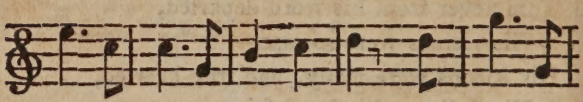
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
To word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For, tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

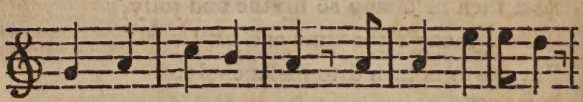
POOR EMMA.



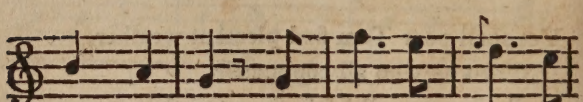
Keen blew the blast, the night un-kind, No



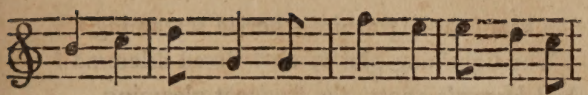
friend-ly star reliev'd the gloom, When thro' a



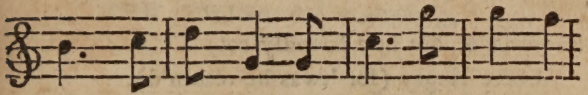
deep wood's mazy wind, The wand'ring Emma



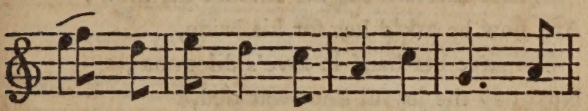
sought her home. 'Twas love that led the



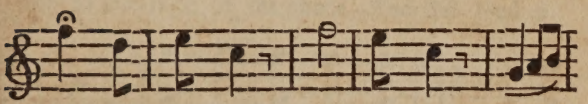
maid a stray-ing, That source of ma-ny a



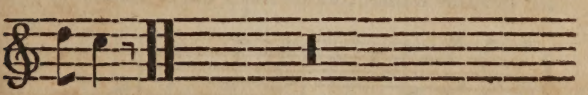
dread di-lem-ma; Yet, mid a pros-pect



so dis - may-ing, She lit-tle more than



sigh'd, poor Em-ma, poor Em-ma, poor



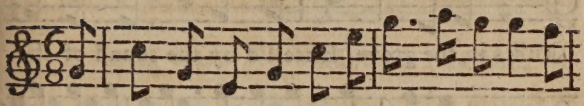
Emma!

Nor was it strange so little fear
Should fill a breast like her's forlorn;
For ah! she mourn'd her Henry dear,
Whom cruel war had from her torn.

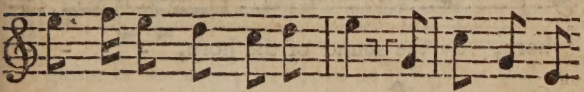
She heard the night-bird's horrid screaming,
The light'ning glar'd, ah ! dread dilemma !
And Henry's ghost, the frequent gleaming
Disclos'd, and, shrieking, swoon'd poor Emma.

She wak'd, but in a friendly cot,
Where Henry (for 'twas he return'd),
Convey'd her from the dreadful spot,
Where lovelorn she his absence mourn'd ;
And now he ask'd her for his bride,
She gave her hand in love's dilemma ;
Next day the joyful knot was tied,
And now no more she sighs, poor Emma.

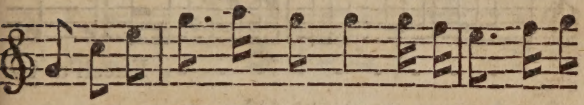
THE TWINS OF LATONA.



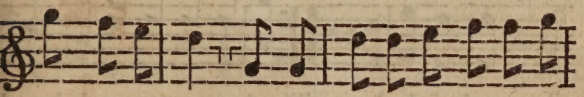
THE twins of La-to-na, so kind to my boon, A-



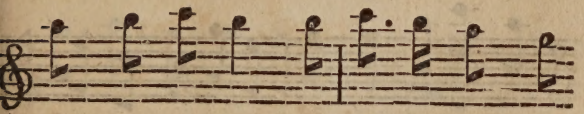
rise to par-take of the chace, And Sol lend a



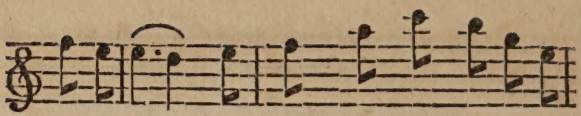
ray to chaste Dian's fair moon, And a smile to the



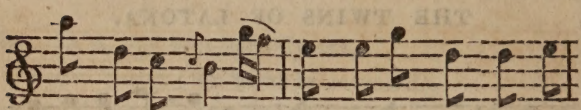
smiles on her face. For the sport I delight in, The



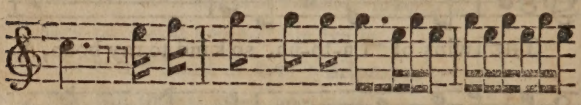
bright Queen of Love With myrtles my brows



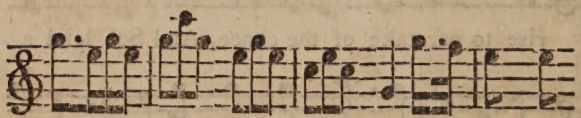
shall a-dorn, While Pan breaks his chanter, and



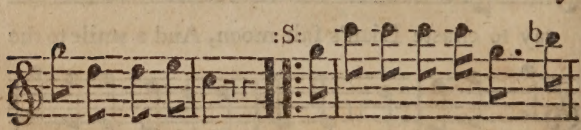
skulks in the grove, Excell'd by the sound of the



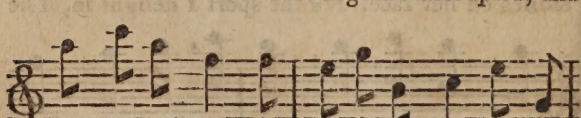
horn, by the sound of the horn, - - - -



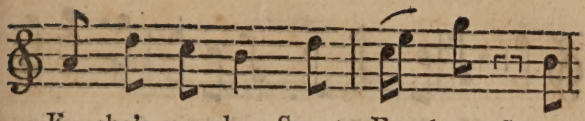
- - - - - - - - - - - Excell'd by



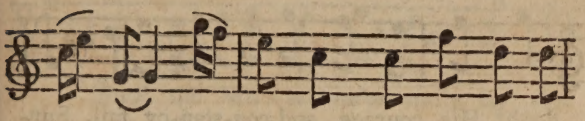
the sound of the horn. The dogs are uncoupled, and



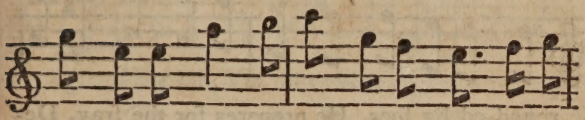
sweet is their cry, Yet sweeter the notes of sweet



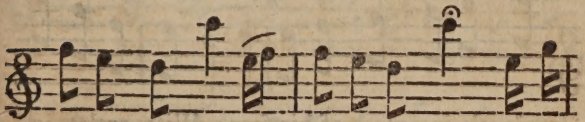
E - cho's re - ply, Sweet E - cho, Sweet



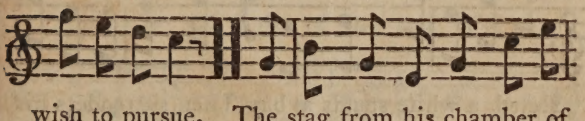
E - cho, Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, the



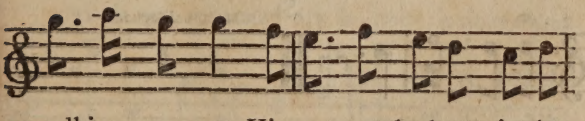
game is in view, But love is the game that I



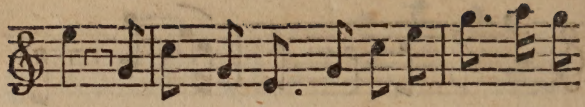
wish to pur-sue, But love is the game that I

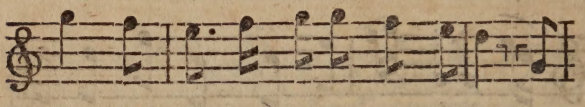


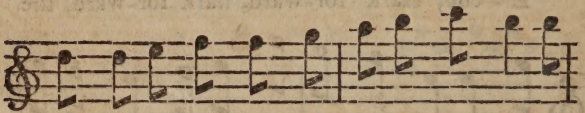
wish to pursue. The stag from his chamber of



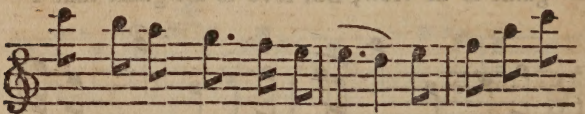
woodbine peeps out, His sentence he hears in the

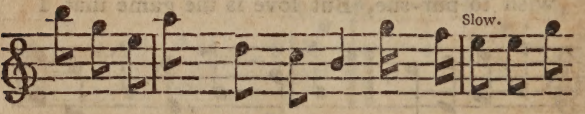


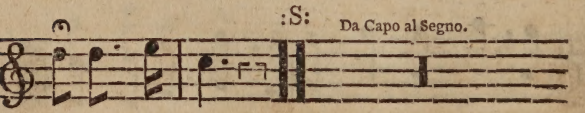
gale ; Yet flies still en-tang-led in fear and in

doubt, His courage and con-stan-cy fail. Sur-



round-ed by foes, He prepares for the fray, De-

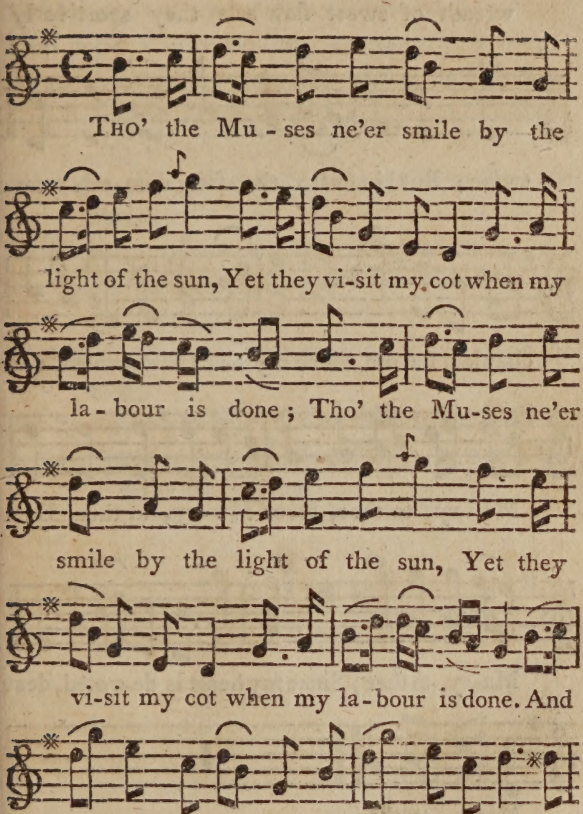


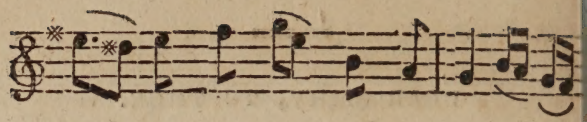
spair tak-ing place of his fear ; With antlers e-

rected, a while stands at bay, Then surrenders his



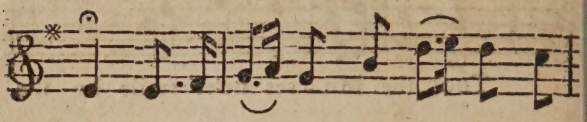
life with a tear.

DEAR MARY, TO THEE.

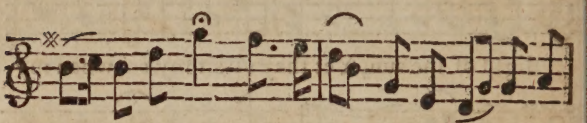

THO' the Mu-ses ne'er smile by the
light of the sun, Yet they vi-sit my cot when my
la-bour is done; Tho' the Mu-ses ne'er
smile by the light of the sun, Yet they
vi-sit my cot when my la-bour is done. And
whilst on my pil-low of straw I recline, A



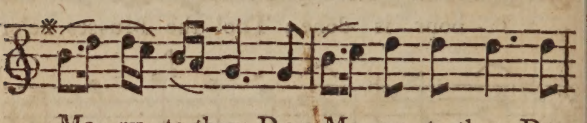
wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportive-ly



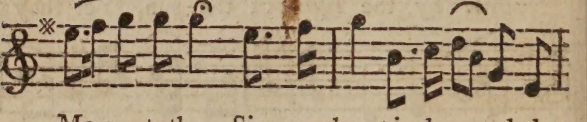
twine; But in vain the fair dam-sels weave



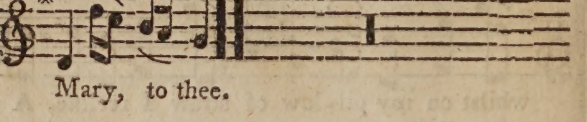
chaplets for me, Since my heart is de-voted, dear



Ma-ry, to thee, Dear Ma-ry, to thee, Dear



Ma-ry, to thee; Since my heart is de-voted, dear

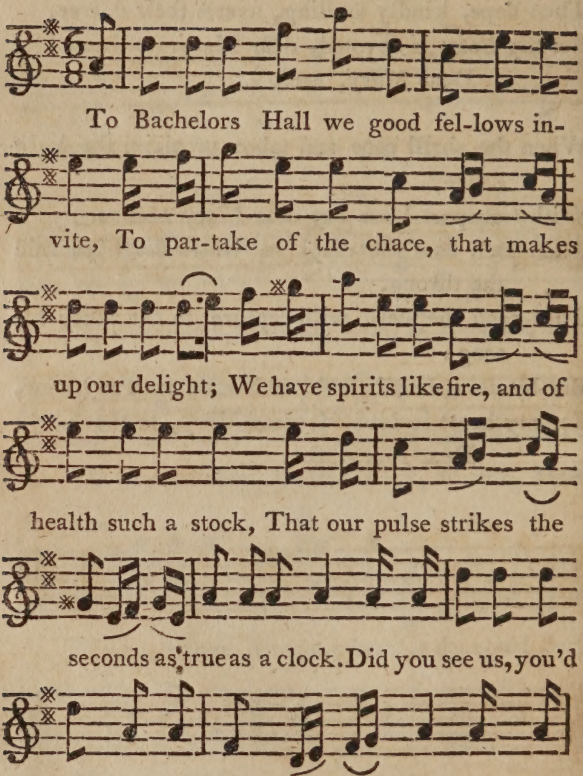


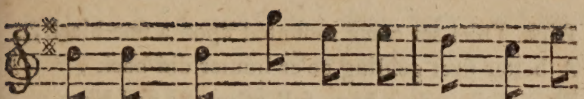
Mary, to thee.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
But reflection and reason are ever too late ;
They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
And fill my sad bosom with doubts and despair ;
Then hope, kindly smiling, averts their decree,
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee ;
Dear Mary, &c.

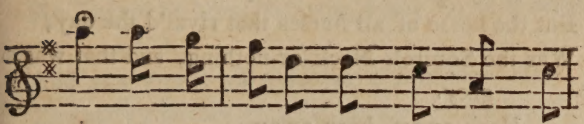
When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light dance,
With transport I see my dear Mary advance ;
Then such ease she displays, while she trips 'mid the throng,
That each shepherd with rapture to her tunes his song :
But by none she's belov'd with such truth as by me,
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee ;
Dear Mary, &c.

BACHELORS HALL.

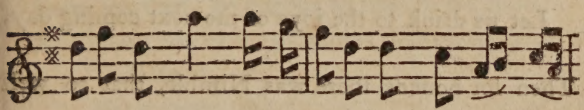

To Bachelors Hall we good fel-lows in-
vite, To par-take of the chace, that makes
up our delight; We have spirits like fire, and of
health such a stock, That our pulse strikes the
seconds as true as a clock. Did you see us, you'd
swear, as we mount with a grace, Did you



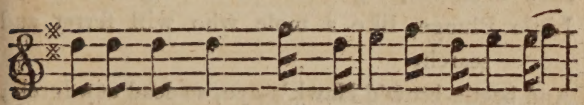
see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a



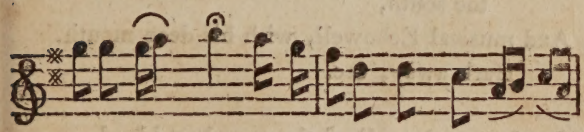
grace, That Di - a - na had dubb'd some new



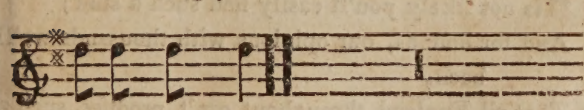
gods of the chace, That Diana had dubb'd some new



gods of the chace. Hark away, hark away, All



nature looks gay, And Aurora with smiles ushers



in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan:
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

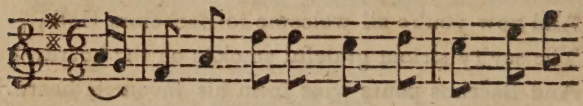
Then for hounds there was Nimble, that so well climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox;
Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch;
Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from the south,
And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'll back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack.

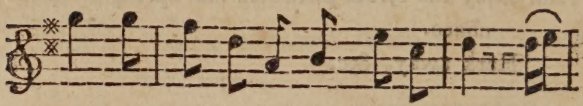
Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horn sounds a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelors Hall;
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chace.
Hark away, &c.

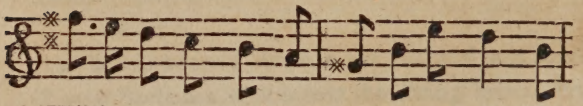
WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.



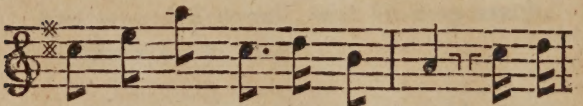
When William at eve meets me down at the



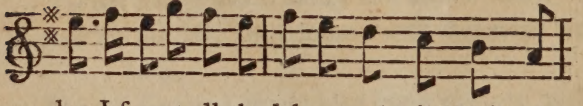
stile, How sweet is the nightingale's song; When



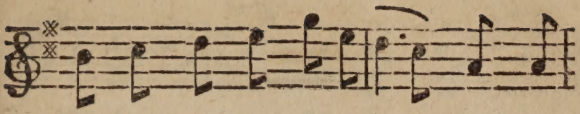
William at eve meets me down at the stile, How

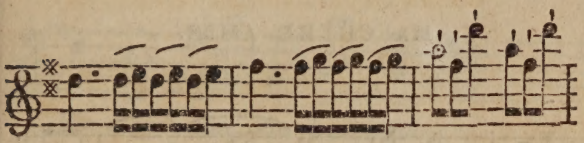


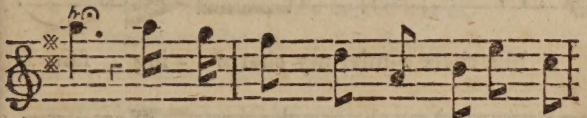
sweet is the night-in-gale's song: Of the



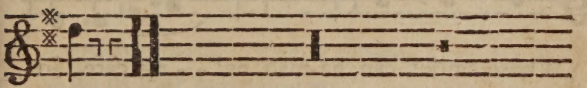
day I forget all the labour and toil, Whilst the



moon plays yon branches a-mong, Whilst the

moon plays, - - - - - - - - - -



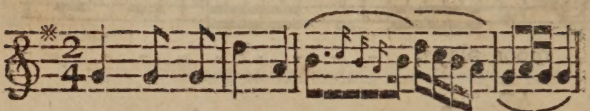
- - Whilst the moon plays yon branches a-



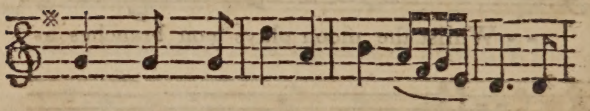
mong.

By her beams without blushing I hear him com-
plain,
And believe every word of his song;
You know not how sweet 'tis to meet the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

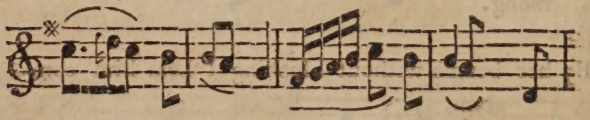
MA CHERE AMIE.



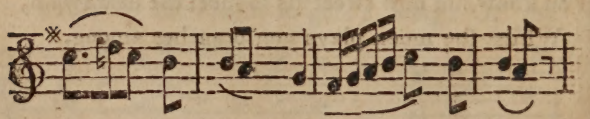
MA chere a-mie, my charm - - ing fair,



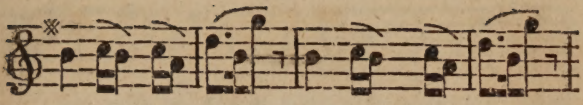
Whose smiles can ba-nish ev' - - ry care, In



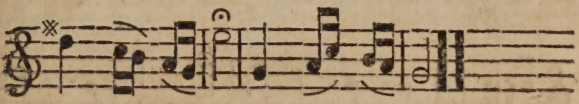
kind compassion smile on me, Whose



on - - - ly care is love of thee;



Ma chere a - - mie, Ma chere a - - mie,

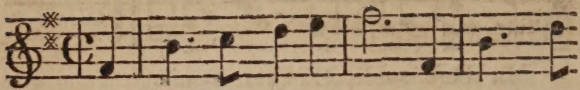


Ma chere a-mie, Ma chere a-mie.

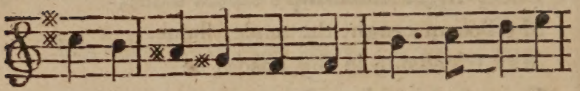
Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame.
May friendship in thy bosom be
Converted into love for me:
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!
Let pity soften thy decree!
I droop, dear maid! I die for thee!
Ma chere amie, &c.

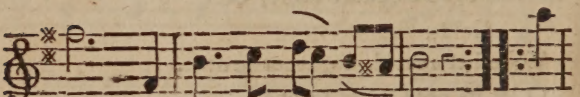
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.



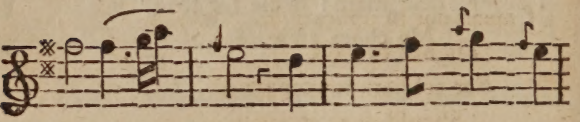
How stands the glass around? For shame! ye



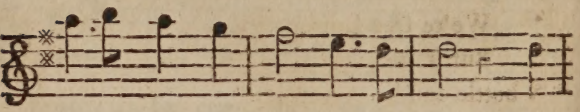
take no care, my boys! How stands the glass a-



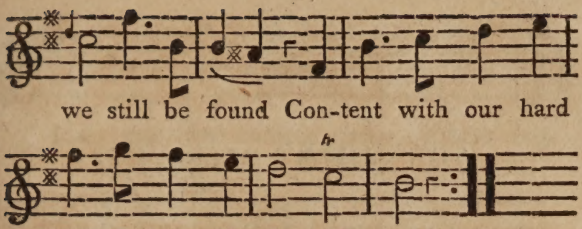
round? Let mirth and wine a-bound. The



trum-pets sound, The co-lours they are



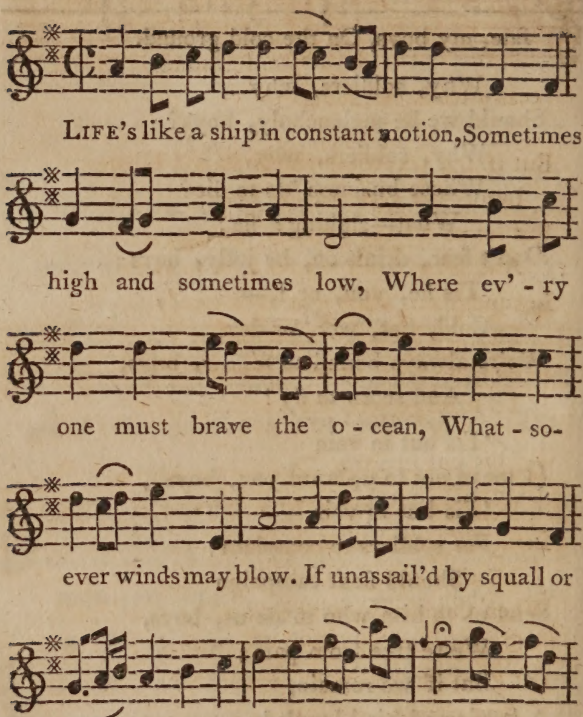
flying, boys, To fight, kill, or wound; May

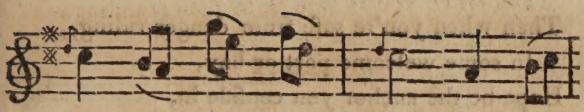


Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
What—sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;
'Tis he, you, or I,—
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

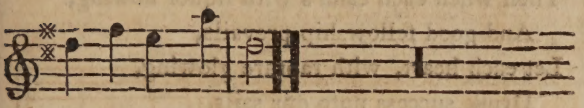
'Tis but in vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys),
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.


LIFE's like a ship in constant motion, Sometimes
high and sometimes low, Where ev' - ry
one must brave the o - cean, What - so-
ever winds may blow. If unassail'd by squall or
shower, Wafted by the gen-tle gales, Let's not



lose the fav'--ring hour, Whilst suc-



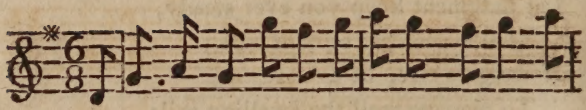
cess attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear,
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from reason how to steer:
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
That's a ballast seldom fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

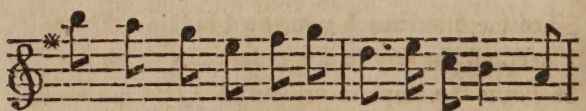
Trust not too much your own opinion,
Whilst your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray.
When thundering tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And providence attend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger riding,
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care a while in slumbers lay:
Then when each cann's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink success unto our sails.

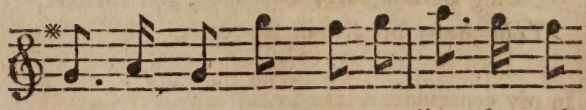
BALLINAMONA ORO.



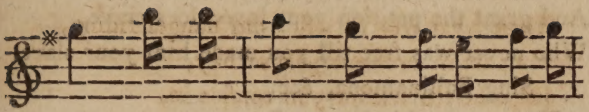
WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long, At



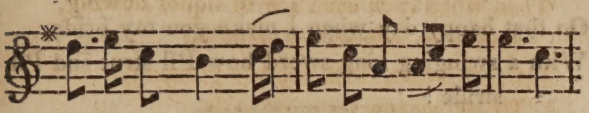
home and abroad, or a-lone in a throng, I



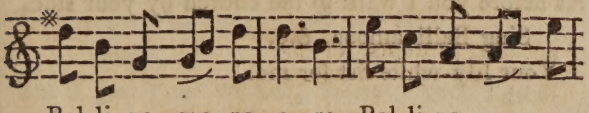
find that my pas-sion's so live-ly and



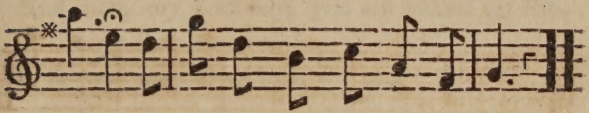
strong, That your name, when I'm si-lent, still



runs in my song. Sing Bal-li-na-mo-na o - ro,



Bal-li- na - mo- na o - ro, Bal-li-na - mo - na



o - ro, A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes ;
So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
By St Patrick ! I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim do save,

And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride!
In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your lily-white fist for me.

YOU KNOW I'M YOUR PRIEST.

TO THE SAME AIR.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine,
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign;
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
And then, my dear boy, you are settled for life.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bride's maidens in robes white as snow;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away—
She blushes at love, and you whisper obey;

You take her dear hand for to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
The snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride;
The pipers before us, you march side by side;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
A nice wedding-dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone:
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home;
And hey for a christ'ning in nine months to come!
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
A good merry christ'ning for me.

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

TO THE SAME AIR.

DESCEND, ye chaste Nine, to a true Irish bard,
You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a card,
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf
With a song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in,
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,
In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side.
Oh! the piper play'd first in the rear, Sir,
The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, Sir,
Oh, lord! how the spalpeens did stare
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together, and home did return,
To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group!
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers, and pipers, and nailers,
And pedlars, and smugglers, and sailors,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,
With Terence, and Triscol, and platter-fac'd Pat;
There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the inn;
There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,
With Pat's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charm'd all their souls with his kind botheration;

They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and
he curs'd,
They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink
till they burst.
The first christening I have, if I thrive, Sirs,
Here again I do hope you'll all drive, Sirs,
You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, Sirs,
To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up for to make a low bow,
But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell
how;
She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she
let fall,
She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all.
But her mother cried, "What, are you dead,
"child?
"Oh, for shame of you! hold up your head,
"child;
"Tho' I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
"Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen."

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said
grace,
Smoking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face;
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters
did play,
And they elbow'd, and jostled, and wallop'd away.

Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, Sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, Sirs,
They demolish'd all to the bare bone, Sirs,
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

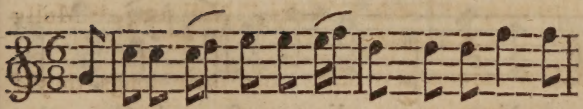
There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoil'd,
Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;
Hogs' puddings, red herrings; the priest got the snipe;
Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cod, cow-heel, and tripe:
Then they ate till they could eat no more, Sirs,
And the whisky came pouring galore, Sirs;
Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, Sirs!
Oh, he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did roar,
Tim sung, "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung, "Molly Astore;"
Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to shake:
Then the piper and couples advancing,
Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,

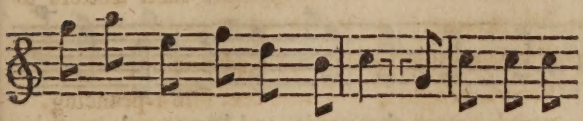
Such piping, and figuring, and dancing,
Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

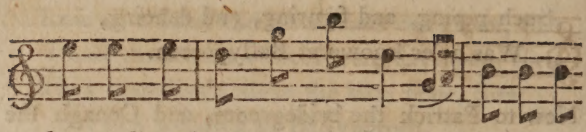
Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,
Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride,
And to all the brave guests, young or old, grey or green,
Drunk or sober, that jigg'd it at Ballyporeen.
And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
I wish you may be half so merry
As we were at Ballyporeen.

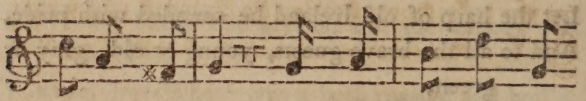
POOR JACK.



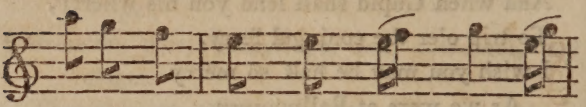
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,'Bout



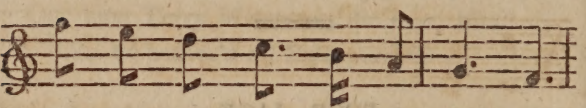
danger, and fear, and the like; A tight water

boat and good sea-room give me, And 'ten't to a



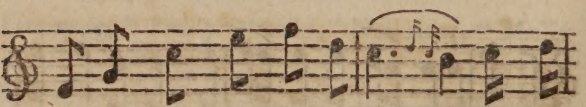
lit-tle I'll strike. Tho' the tem-pest top-



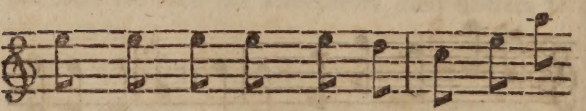
gallant-masts smack-smooth should smite, And



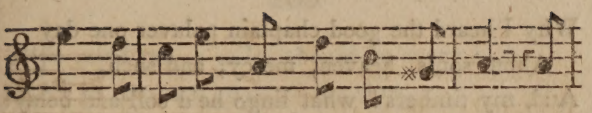
shi-ver each splin-ter of wood, And



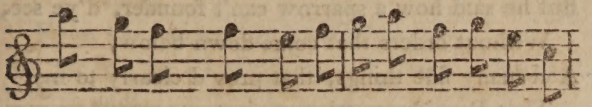
shi-ver each splin-ter of wood, Clear the



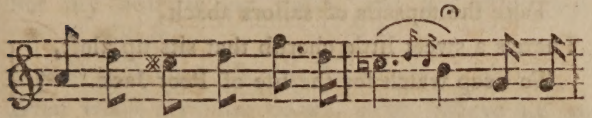
wreck, stow the yards, and bouze ev'-ry thing



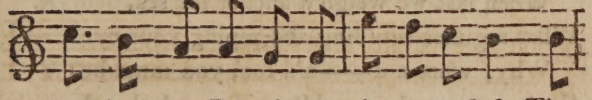
tight, And under reef'd foresail we'll scud. A-



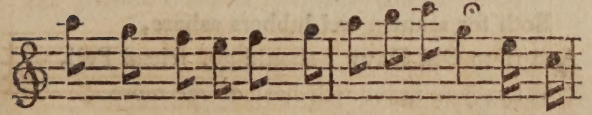
vast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft, To be

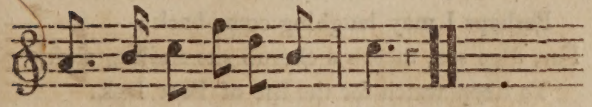


ta-ken for tri-fles a--back; For they



say there's a Pro-vidence sits up a-loft, They



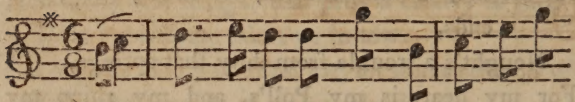
say there's a pro-vidence sits up a-loft, To keep

watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.
For says he, Do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

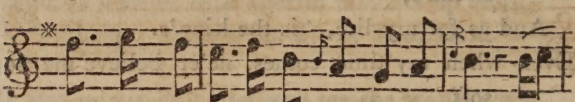
I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry),
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a d——n'd fool you must be:
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to Old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

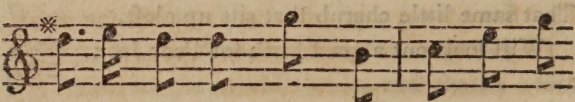
THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.



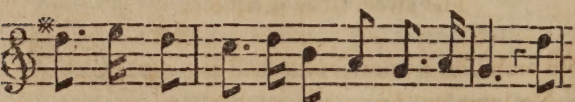
My friends all declare that my time is mis-



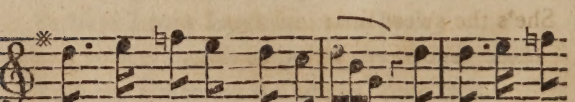
spent, While in ru-ral re-tire-ment I rove; I



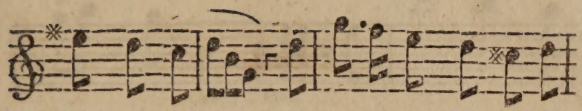
ask no more wealth than Dame For-tune has



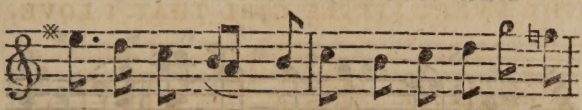
sent, But the sweet lit-tle girl that I love, The

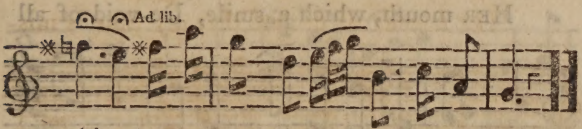


sweet lit - tle girl that I love. The rose on her



cheek's my delight, She's soft as the down, as the

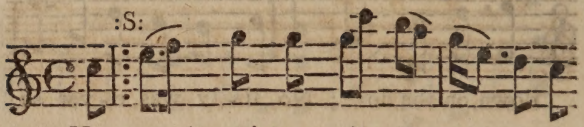


down on the dove; No li-ly was e-ver so

white As the sweet lit-tle girl that I love.

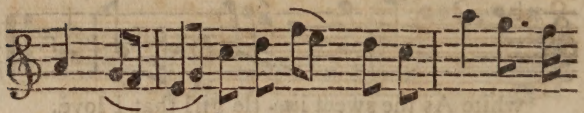
Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centers in Fanny alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

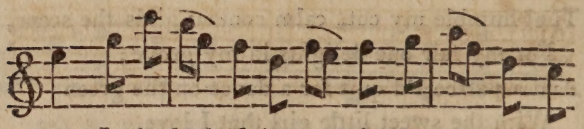
HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.



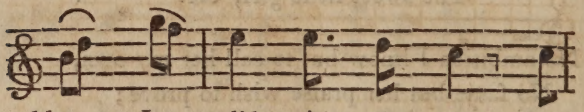
HER mouth, which a smile, De-void of all



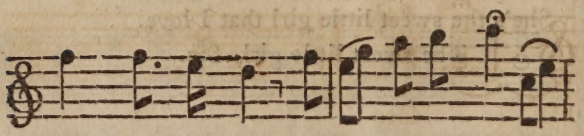
guile, Half o-pens to view, Is the bud of the



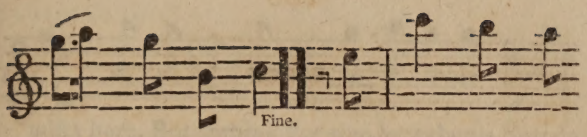
rose, Is the bud of the rose, in the morning that



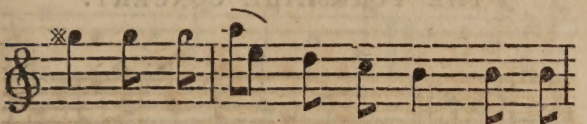
blows, Im-pearl'd with the dew, im-

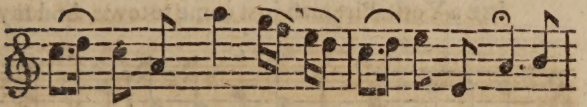


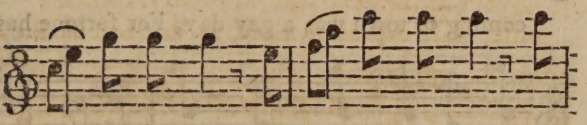
pearl'd with the dew; The bud of the rose, im-



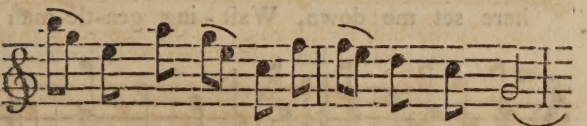
pearl'd with the dew. More fra-grant her



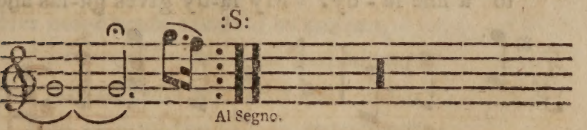
breath than the flow'r-scent-ed heath, Than the

flow'r-scented heath, at the dawning of day, The



hawthorn in bloom, the li - ly's perfume, The

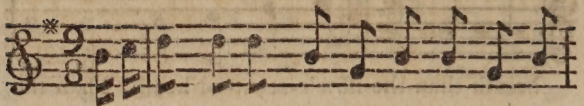


li - ly's perfume, or the blossoms of May. - -

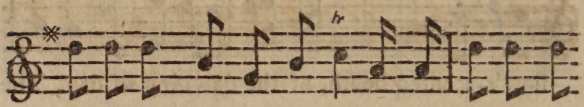


- - - Her

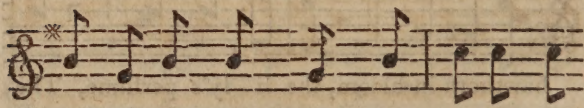
THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.



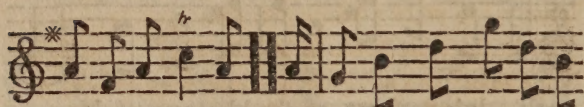
IZE a Yorkshireman just come to town, And my



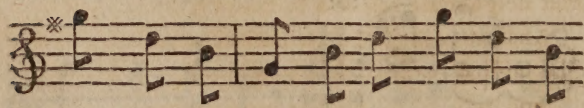
coming to town was a gay day, For fortune has



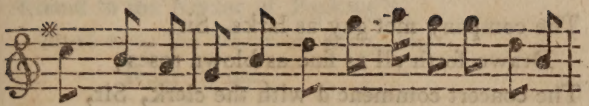
here set me down, Wait - ing gen-tle-man



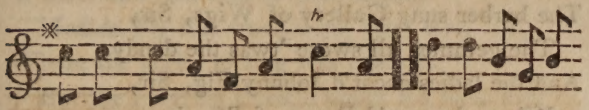
to a fine la - dy. My la-dy gives ga-las and

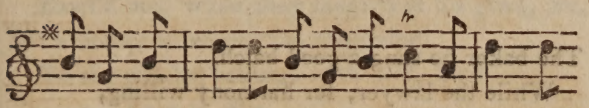


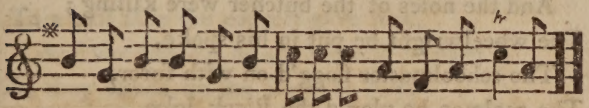
routes, And her treats of the town are the



talks here, But nothing Ize seen hereabouts Equals



one that were given in Yorkshire. Rum ti iddity

id-di-ty, Rum ti id-di-ty ti-do, Rum ti



id-di-ty id-di-ty, Fal de ral lal de ral li-do.

Johnny Fig were a white and green grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, Sir;
None than John to his shop could stick closer,
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, Sir:
Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
And astonish the rustic parishioners,
She invited them all to a route, Sir,
And ax'd all the village musicianers.
Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, Sir,
Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
The concert commenc'd with the clerk, Sir,
Who chanted the Vicar and Moses.
The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, Sir,
The gemmen all swore 'twas the dandy,
And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, Sir,
Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.
Rum ti, &c.

The baker he sung a good batch,
While the lawyer, for harmony willing,
With the bailiff he join'd in the catch,
And the notes of the butcher were killing;
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
The coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
And the fishwoman sung a bravura.
Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
Madam Fig scream'd a song loud as Boreas,
Soon awak'd Farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus;
While a jack-ass the melody marking,
Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, Sir,

Attend to the Rector of Barking's
Duet with the Vicar of Bray, Sir.
Rum ti, &c.

A brine-tub half full of beef salted,
Madam Fig had truck'd out for a seat, Sir,
Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
But the covering crack'd under his feet, Sir.
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, Sir,
Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
To see pickled cabbage with beef, Sir?
Rum ti, &c.

To a ball then the concert gave way,
And for dancing no souls could be riper;
So they struck up the Devil to Pay,
While Johnny Fig paid for the piper.
But the best thing com'd after the ball;
For to finish the whole with perfection,
Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
To sup on a cold *collection*.
Rum ti, &c.

A PEEP AT THE FORTY THIEVES.

TO THE SAME AIR.

YOUR pardon, kind gentlefolks, pray,
But Ize call'd on to roar out a song, Sirs,
And when a man's call'd on, they say
It's ill manners to make you wait long, Sirs:
So I'll e'en try my hand at a stave,
Tho' mayhap you may jeer me, and flout it;
But it's one of the best that I have,
And so you shall hear all about it.
Rum ti, &c.

It isn't long since I first com'd
Fra' the North, and so you must needs think, Sirs,
Ize a lad that's not easily humm'd,
Unless it be when Ize in drink, Sirs:
And somehow, I don't know which way,
But the folk up in town be so droll, Sirs,
That I must ha' been drunk every day,
For they've humm'd me, by gum, one and all, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

I wur ganging one night by the play,
Never heeding about it a pin, Sirs,
When I fairly wur carried away
Off my legs, by the crowd getting in, Sirs.
I shouted as loud as I could,
And I tell'd 'em I war'nt o' their party;
But a lady insisted I should,
And said, "Push on, keep moving, my hearty."
Rum ti, &c.

"Heave a-head," says a sailor, "you lubbard;"
No odds about my being willing;
So I com'd to a man in a cupboard,
Who bade me lug out my two shilling:
And while I wur groping about,
My money to find, I declare, Sirs,
My pockets I found inside out,
And the devil a penny was there, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

The crowd which before had so push'd,
Thinks I, dang you push on, now or never;
For I didn't mind now being crush'd;
And I got in for nothing, quite clever.
The play wur soon ended, and then
Forty Thieves they com'd in all so funny:

I suppose it were some of them men
That had diddled me out of my money.
Rum ti, &c.

So in town as I'd not long to stay,
I resolv'd to see all that I could, Sirs,
And I went once again to the play,
Where I paid for a seat, tho' I stood, Sirs.
Common Garden I think was the spot,
And some beautiful posies they show there;
And if oft to come here was my lot,
I as oft should be tempted to go there.
Rum ti, &c.

There wur one fellow walk'd on to th' stage,
Said he'd newly just com'd out o' Yorkshire;
By gum, he put me in a rage,
He made game so of our country talk, Sirs.
Folk call'd him a comical lad,
But for what, I declare I can't tell, Sirs;
I never see'd nothing so bad;
I'd ha' done it—aye, better mysel, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

COLIN CLUMP'S RAMBLE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

LAST winter, quite tired of tillage,
Hard days work I'd many a one done,
I left our snug little village,
To zee all the wonders of London:
The *Roskius* I first went to zee,
And I think you'll all freely confess, Sir,
There ha'nt been such a *Betty* as he
Since the days of our good old Queen Bess, Sir.

Spoken.)—I ware mortal well pleased to zee he play the peart of Dowglas, he look'd zoa pratty, and did it zomehow zoa Rum ti, &c.

Then the *Budget* came out by the way,
And for *Taxes* the ministers call, Sir,
But few had the money to pay,
For the *Forty Thieves* borrow'd it all, Sir:
Then some *Travellers* made a great rout,
But in spite of disguisement to catch ye,
They were only, as soon I found out,
Master Bramer, and *Senora Scratche*.

Spoken.)—I was used to think the clerk of our parish was a main good one at chaunting a stave; but Master Bramer beats he by far, he be zoa famous at zinging Rum ti, &c.

Foxhall, to, were one of the zights,
And to think on it puzzled me daily,
What a mort they mun pay window-lights,
For the lamps that they use in the galaes!
The company rank'd pretty high,
And I thought it no bad sort of joke, Sir,
To zee the *Game Chicken* and I,
Cheek by jole, with the other great folk, Sir.

Spoken.)—"Don't thee be frightened, young mon," says he, "for if any gemman bizide myself "offers to affront thee, dam'me if I don't gee "him such a Rum ti," &c.

Cook and Kemble I saw in one play,
But none from applauding would rest, Sir,
So not hearing what either might say,
I couldn't judge which was the best, Sir.
And although at the thing you may scoff,
I promise you 'tisn't a hum, Sir,
That a new *Finger Post*, *Five Miles off*,
Got all the town under its thumb, Sir.

Spoken.)—I've zeen many a vinger-post in our pairts of the country, but I never zeed such a one as this—it was zoa Rum ti, &c.

At *Astley's* and *Circus*, I zeed
Horses dance minerwits and cowtillions,
While the riders, true grasshopper breed,
Jump'd over both saddles and pillions.
Sadler's Wells, I were told, were the rage,
And a wonderful place 'twere, no doubt on't,
For the New River came on the stage,
And the water-proof ghosts they jump'd out on't.

Spoken.)—The ghostes they are so natural, they look like live ghostesses: there I zeed the Invisible Ring; and there was a handsome young mon, much about my zize, who kept the volkes grinning, with his Rum ti, &c.

To *Bartelmy Fair* my next start
Was to zee every freak and vagary;
There I thought to have seen Bonaparte,
For they wrote up the "Corsican Fairy:"
For Boney were coming, 'twere said,
But the butterfly Emperor tarries,
'Cause he knows if we once break his head,
They'll not mend it with plaster of Paris.

Spoken.)—They told I that Meister Boney were coming over here, but I think he had better let it alone; for if he do, he'll find some tightish lads ready to give him such a

Rum ti, &c.

POOR DIDO.

TO THE SAME AIR.

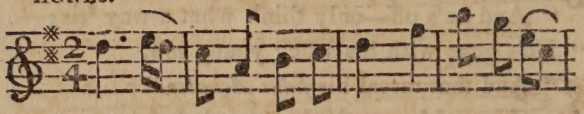
THE Grecians came running to Troy,
The Trojans went running to meet 'em;
It's known to each little school-boy,
How the Greeks they *horse*-jockey'd and beat 'em.
No house could that day be endur'd,
They made 'em too hot for the holders;
And Æneas, not being insur'd,
Set off with his dad on his shoulders.
Rum ti, &c.

His fortune he tried on the ocean,
And then such palavering stories
To Dido he told with emotion,
"*Tubes renovare do Ores.*"

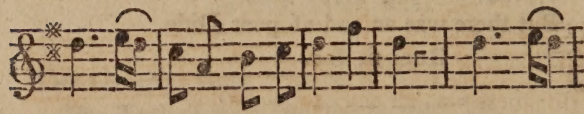
When he'd gain'd all his ends, " Dear Æneas,"
Says she, " if you love your poor Dido,
" When you're coming this way call and see us;"
Thinks he, I'll be hanged if I do.
Rum ti, &c.

" Sister Ann," then says she, " all is done,
" And he's off—only think what a way 'tis;
" He's gone with his saucy young son,
" And that rascal his *fidus Achates*."
A cord round her neck she extended,
The one end a bed-post was tied to;
I'm sorry the story's so ended,
But there was an end of poor Dido.
Rum ti, &c.

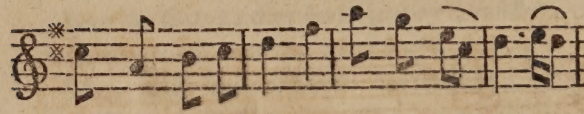
THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

AGNES.

FAINT and wea-ri-ly the way-worn travel-ler

SADI.

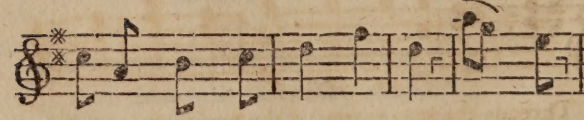


Plods un-cheeri-ly, afraid to stop; Wand'ring

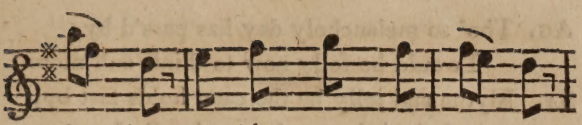


drea-ri-ly, a sad un-ra-vel-ler Of the

AGNES.

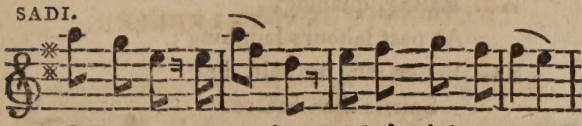


ma-zes tow'rd the mountain's top. Doubting,

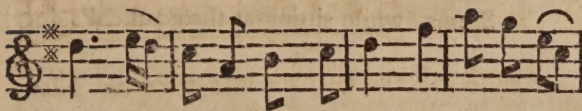


fear - ing, as his course he's steer - ing,

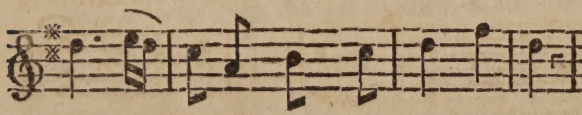
SADI.



Cot-ta-ges ap-pearing, as he's nigh to drop;

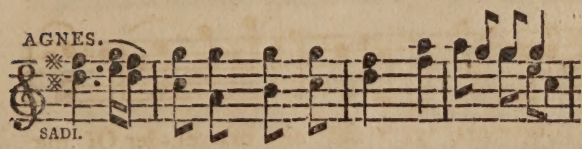


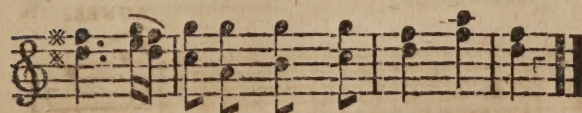
Oh, how briskly then the way-worn travel-ler



Threads the ma-zes tow'rd the mountain's top!

AGNES.

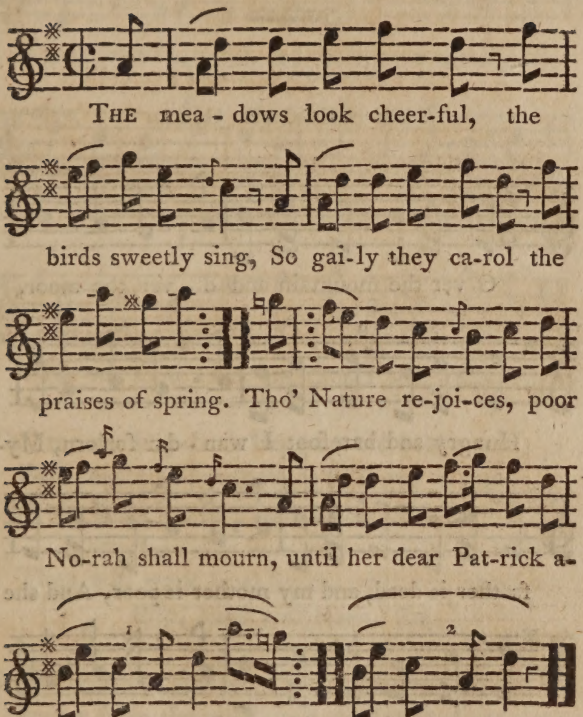
SADI.

Oh, how briskly then the way-worn travel-ler



Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

AG. Tho' so melancholy day has pass'd by,
'Twould be folly now to think on't more.
SA. Blythe and jolly he the cann holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door,
AG. Eating, quaffing,
At past labours laughing;
SA. Better far, by half, in
Spirits than before.
AG. Oh, how merry then the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door!

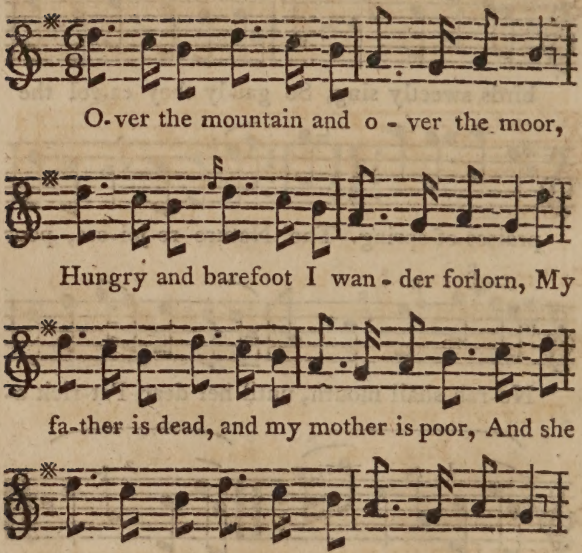
THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.

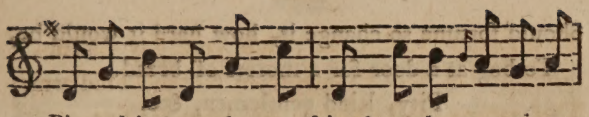

THE mea - dows look cheer-ful, the
birds sweetly sing, So gai-ly they ca-rol the
praises of spring. Tho' Nature re-joi-ces, poor
No-rah shall mourn, until her dear Pat-rick a-
gain shall return. Tho'
gain shall return.

T

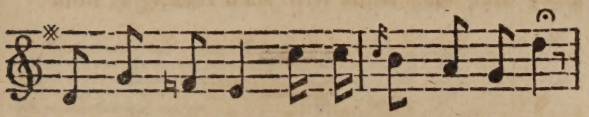
Ye lasses of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

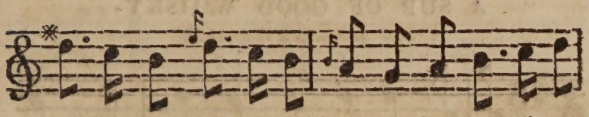

O-ver the mountain and o - ver the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wan - der forlorn, My
fa-ther is dead, and my mother is poor, And she
grieves for the days that will ne-ver re-turn.

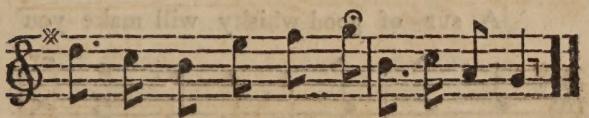


Pi-ty, kind gentlemen, friends to hu-ma-ni-ty,



Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on,



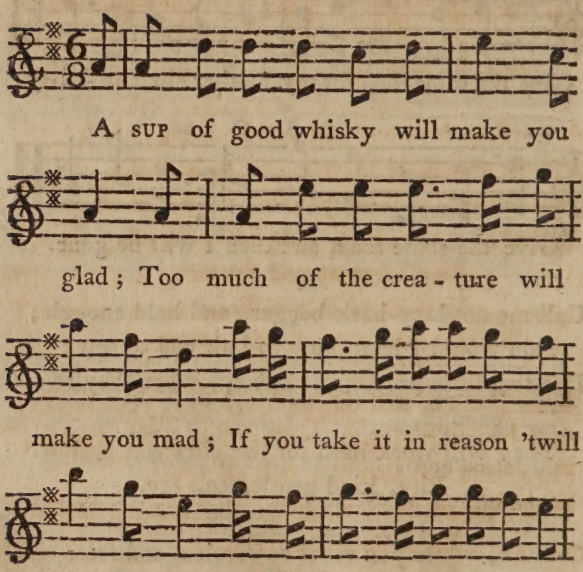
Give me some food for my mother in cha - ri-ty;

Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

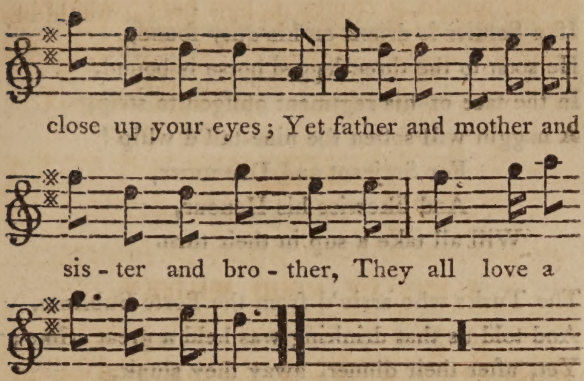
Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough;
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home,—when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

O think, while you revel so careless and free,
Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed;

Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be,
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.


A sup of good whisky will make you
glad; Too much of the crea-ture will
make you mad; If you take it in reason 'twill
make you wise; If you drink to excess it will



Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think so too, if there's none to be had:
The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all.
Both Layman and Brother,
In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth;
Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,
When our money's all gone, they can get no fee;
Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a Soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He soon to the three-legged horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment obliged to strip,
A naggin will soften the nine-tail'd whip!
For Serjeant and Drummer,
And likewise his Honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
And told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet, after their dinner, away they slunk,
And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain;
Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,
And tipple away till they've tippl'd enough;
For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians will also boast;
Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
For generous drinking and hearty boys;

There each jovial fellow
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

The Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons after them led the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
They both of them got by the Norman beau;
Yet, barring all pother,
The one and the other,
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.
Yet, barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.
Yet, barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,
And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
Though his grandson Dicky was pop'd aside.
Yet, barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight ;
Though Henry his son like a chick did pout,
When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head ;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.
Yet, barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Tho' Mary made fire and faggot to blaze ;
But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
But Charley his son was a comical blade;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.
Yet, barring, &c.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
And Georgey the First did with glory sway;
And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
And may his son's sons,
To the end of the chapter,
All come to be kings in their turn.

THE CHAPTER OF POLITICIANS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

My friends, so good-humour'd, I hope won't be vex'd,
If the Chapter of Politics furnish my text;

The times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
Politicians increase just like bees in a hive.
And barring all pother,
Of this, that, or t'other,
We're all politicians in turn.

The blacksmith he swallows the tailor's news,
And forges supplies, while old Dobbin he shoes;
He blows up the authors of Englishmens wrongs,
And hopes we shall go at it hammer and tongs.
For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the tailor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a goose;
He works for the army, and therefore he knows
We shall certainly stick in the skirts of our foes.
For barring, &c.

The barber exclaims, with true technical trope,
That we're all in the suds, though he ventures to hope,
In dressing a foe that our powder may tell,
Do the job to a shaving, and lather him well.
For barring, &c.

The cobler, good soul, says our all must soon end,
And be worn out at last, unless matters we mend;

The doctor conceives to despond there's no call,
Let him physic our foes, and he'll soon kill 'em all.
For barring, &c.

The exciseman says, war will our spirits raise higher ;
The chandler exclaims, all the fat's in the fire ;
'Tis the lawyer's advice, if the French we must meet,
To support the King's Bench by the help of the Fleet.
For barring, &c.

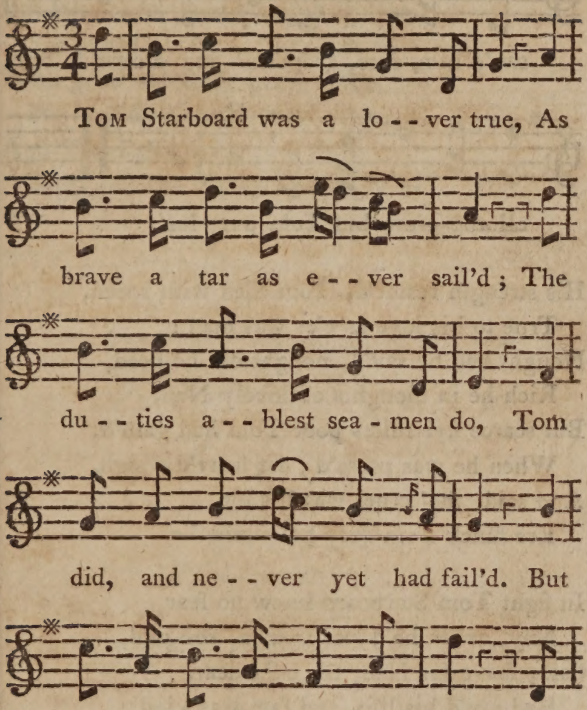
Old Chissel the carpenter saw very plain,
A deal of our work must be done o'er again ;
And should foes set a foot on our beech but one inch,
He augurs they'll find heart of oak never flinch.
For barring, &c.

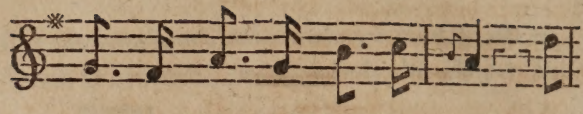
Says the builder, what stories they raise with their tricks ;
Says the baker, those stories are built with French bricks ;
The landlord he swears he'll ne'er trust 'em again ;
The sexton looks grave, and the clerk says, Amen.
For barring, &c.

The cheesemonger thinks these are mighty affairs;
'Twill be diamond cut diamond, the glazier declares;
The soldier and sailor don't like to say much,
But brandish their cudgels, and long for a touch.
For barring, &c.

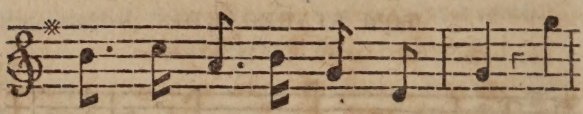
In short, all the town have their con's and their pro's,
And as each politician tells all that he knows,
Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
They ne'er thrash'd us yet, and I don't think they will.
For barring all pother,
Of this, that, and t'other,
We always could bang 'em in turn.

TOM STARBOARD.

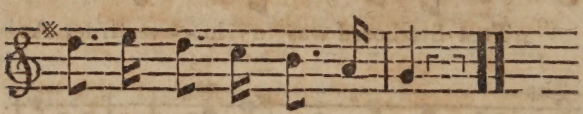

Tom Starboard was a lo - - ver true, As
brave a tar as e - - ver sail'd ; The
du - - ties a - - blest sea - men do, Tom
did, and ne - - ver yet had fail'd. But
wreck'd, as he was homeward bound, With-



in a league of England's coast, Love



sav'd him, sure, from be - ing drown'd, For



all the crew but Tom were lost.

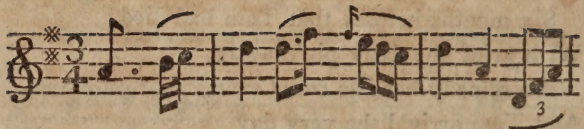
His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
True to his love as e'er was man ;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,
When he was press'd ; he heav'd a sigh,
And said, tho' cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.

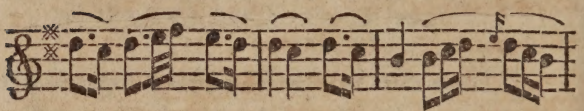
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love; his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride,
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save,
And Tom arriv'd the very day
They laid his Nancy in her grave.

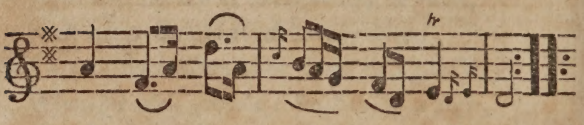
COOLUN.



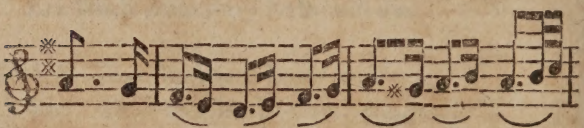
Oh! the hours I have pass'd in the



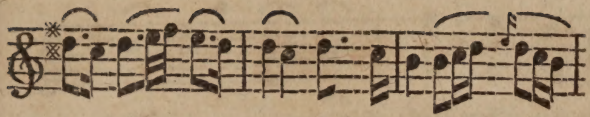
arms of my dear, Can ne - ver be



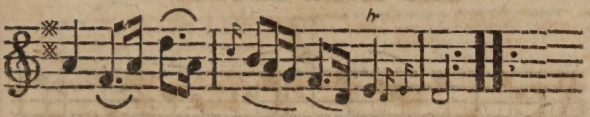
thought on but with a sad tear;



Oh! for - bear, Oh! for - bear, then to



men - tion her name, It re-calls to my

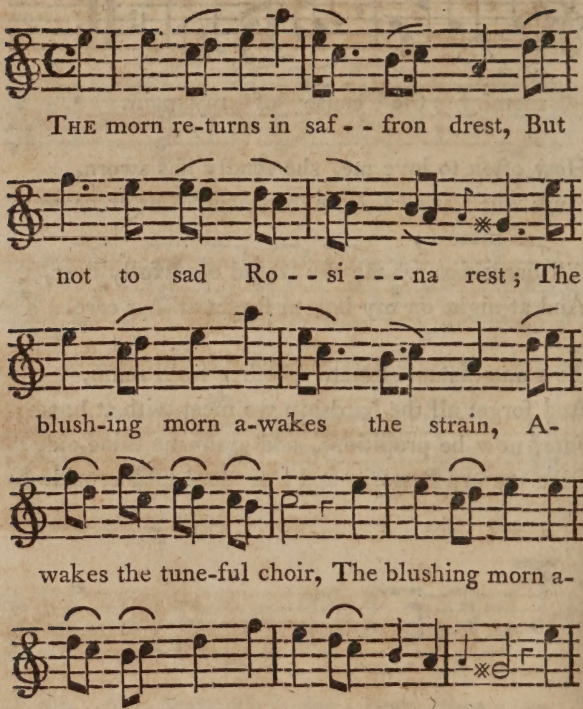


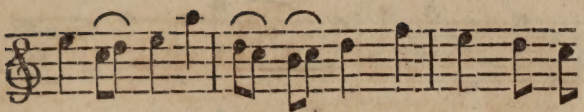
mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me, she fondly has sworn,
And when parted from me, wou'd ne'er cease to
mourn ;
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

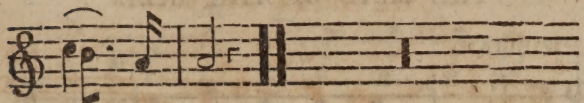
To some distant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardship we meet with at home ;
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.

THE MORN RETURNS.


THE morn re-turns in saf - - fron drest, But
not to sad Ro - - si - - - na rest; The
blush-ing morn a-wakes the strain, A-
wakes the tune-ful choir, The blushing morn a-
wakes the strain, awakes the tuneful choir, But



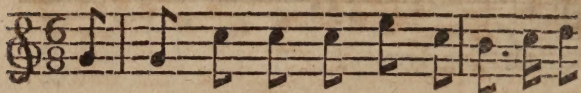
sad Ro-si-na ne'er a-gain shall strike the ex-



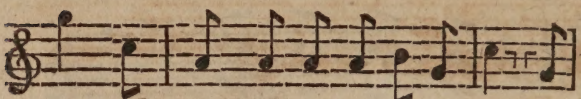
ult - ing lyre.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

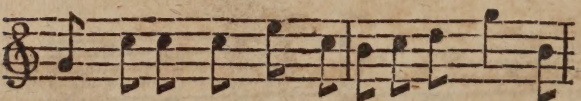
WILLIAM.



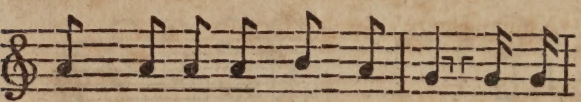
I've kiss'd and I've prat-tled with fif-ty fair

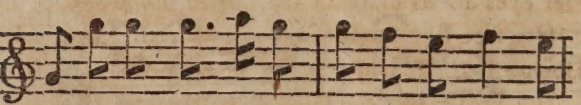


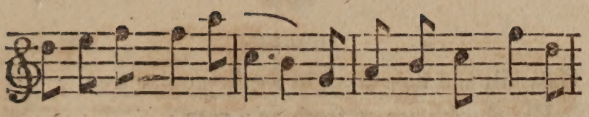
maids, And chang'd 'em as oft-en, D'ye see, I've



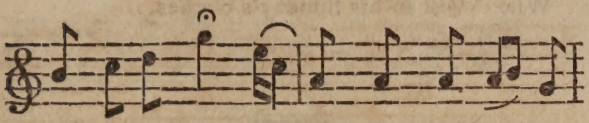
kiss'd and I've prat-tled with fifty fair maids, And



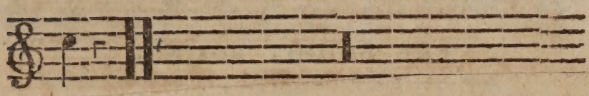
chang'd 'em as oft - en, d'ye see; But of

all the fair maidens that dance on the green, The



maid of the mill for me, The maid of the mill, the



maid of the mill, The maid of the mill for



me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

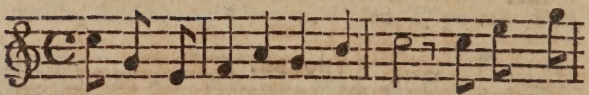
WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May ;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

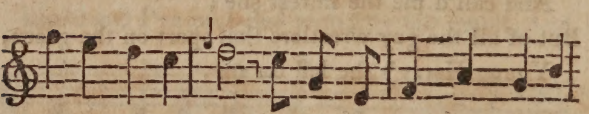
PHOEBE.

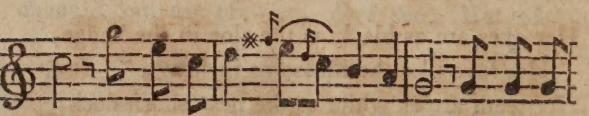
He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;
He looks like a squire of high degree,
When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

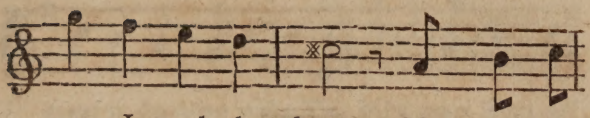
ERE BRIGHT ROSINA.



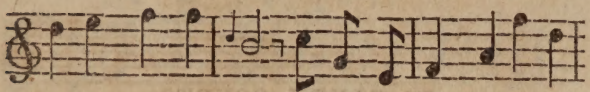
Ere bright Rosina met my eyes, How peaceful



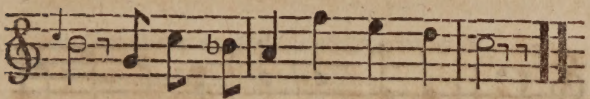
past the joyous day, In ru-ral sports I gain'd the

prize, Each virgin lis - ten'd to my lay; But now no



more I touch the lyre, No more the



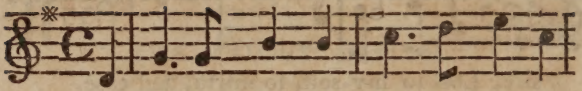
rustic sports can please, I live the slave of fond de-



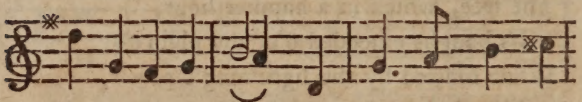
sire, Lost to my-self, to mirth, and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain;
When blasted by the light'ning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.
The tree, &c.

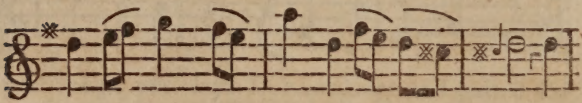
IN GAUDY COURTS.



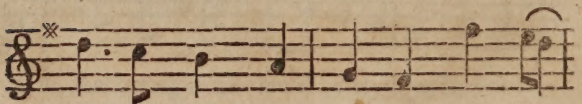
In gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The



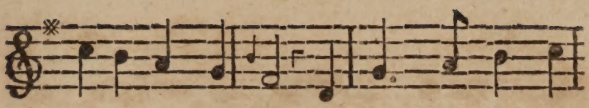
great at fortune rail ; The hills may high-er



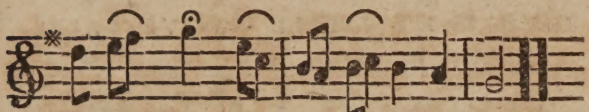
ho-nours claim, But peace is in the vale. In



gau - dy courts, with ach - ing hearts, The

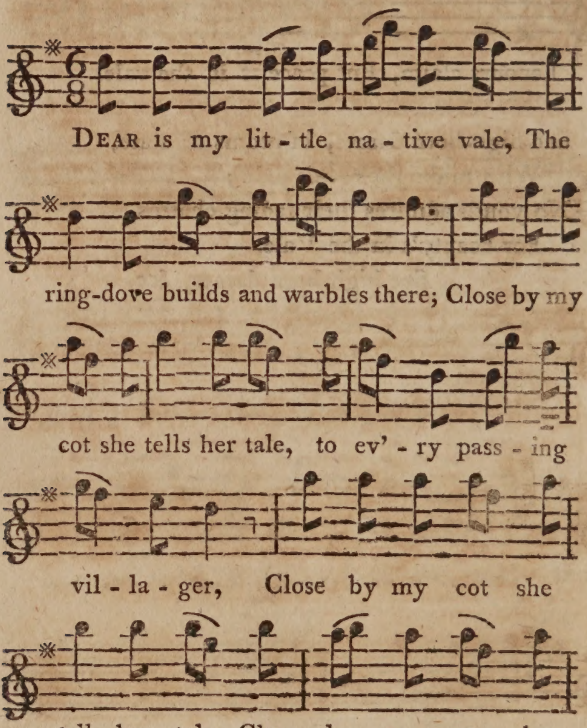


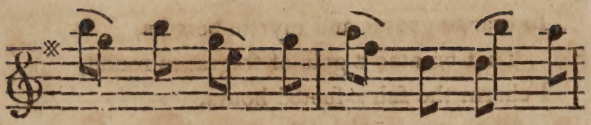
great at for-tune rail; The hills may high-er



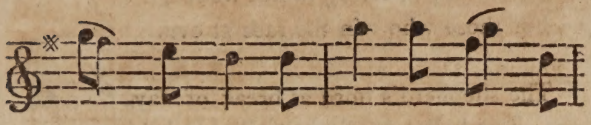
honours claim, But peace is in the vale.

See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the Vale.
See high-born dames, &c.

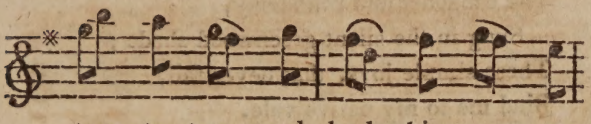
DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my lit - tle na - tive vale, The
ring-dove builds and warbles there; Close by my
cot she tells her tale, to ev' - ry pass - ing
vil - la - ger, Close by my cot she
tells her tale, Close by my cot she



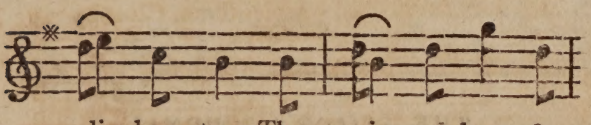
tells her tale, To ev' - ry pass - ing



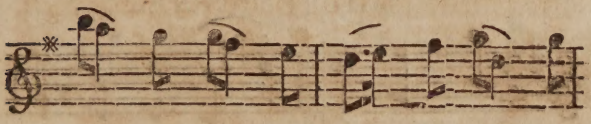
vil - - la - ger: The squir-rel leaps from



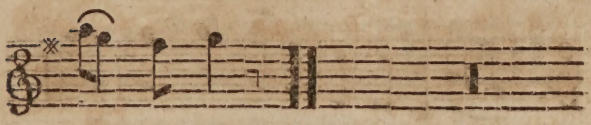
tree to tree, and sheels his nuts at



li - ber - ty, The squir - rel leaps from



tree to tree, And shells his nuts at

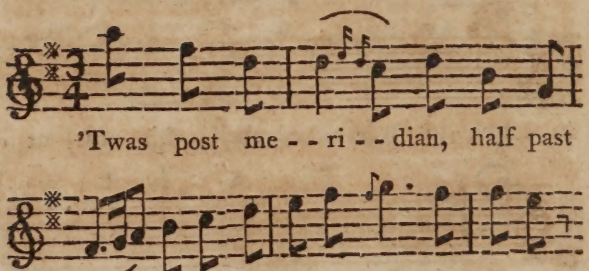


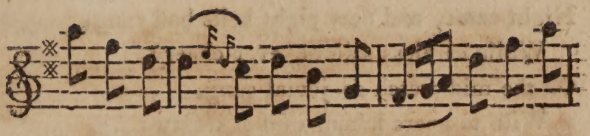
li - ber - ty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those who win the race at eve.

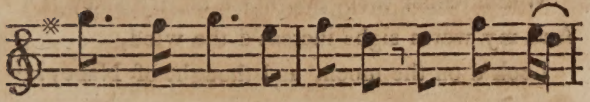
The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Bind me to my native vale.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

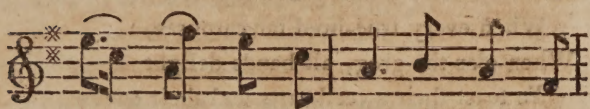




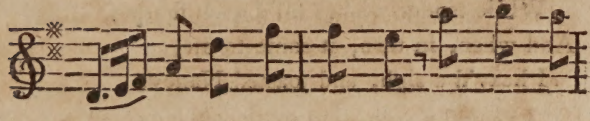
At six she ling-er'd on the shore, with uplift

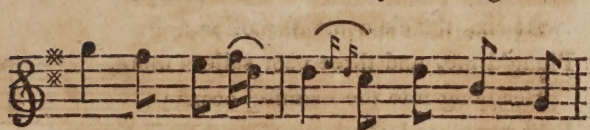


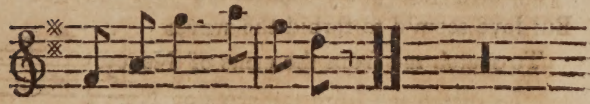
hands and bro-ken-hearted; At sev'n, while



tight' - ning the fore - stay, I saw her



faint, or else 'twas fan - cy; At eight we

all got un - der weigh, And bid a



long a-dieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary ;
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

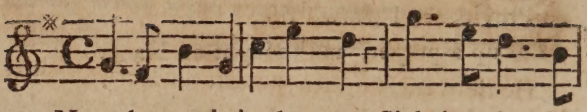
And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When every true-bred tar carouses,
When o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses ;
Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy ;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn, a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
Headlong into the foaming ocean ;
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves !
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

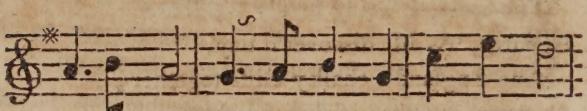
Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle:
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy;
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At seven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

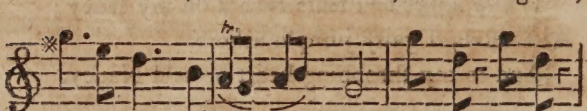
THE CUCKOO.



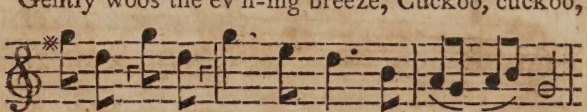
Now the sun is in the west, Sink-ing slow be-



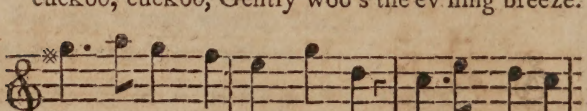
hind the trees, And the cuckoo, welcome guest,



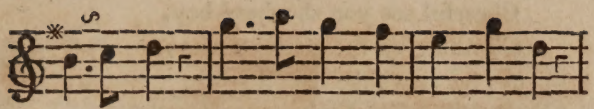
Gently woos the ev'n-ing breeze, Cuckoo, cuckoo,



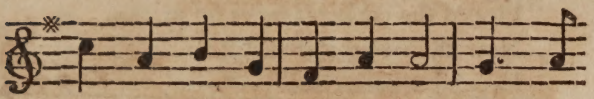
cuckoo, cuckoo, Gently woo's the ev'ning breeze.



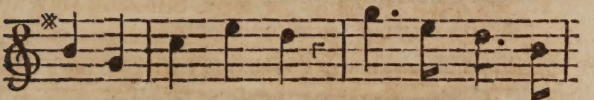
Sportive now the swallows play, lightly skimming



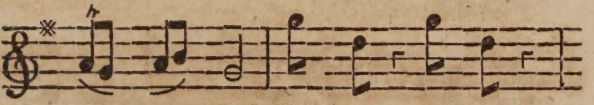
o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way,



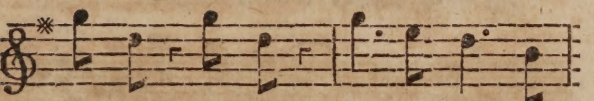
Home-ward to their peaceful nook, Whilst the



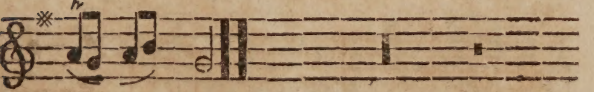
cuc-koo, bird of spring, Still amidst the



trees doth sing Cuc-koo, cuc - koo,

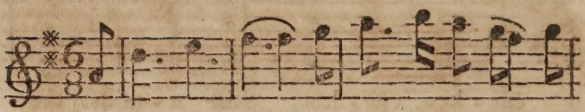


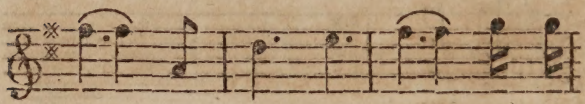
cuc - koo, cuc - koo, Still a - midst the



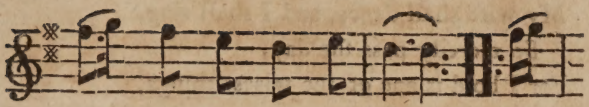
trees doth sing.

Cheerful see yon shepherd boy,
Climbing up the craggy rocks;
As he views the dappled sky,
Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo;
Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks.
Now advancing o'er the plain,
Evening's dusky shades appear,
And the cuckoo's voice again
Softly steals upon mine ear,
While retiring from the view,
Thus she bids the day adieu:
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Thus she bids the day adieu.

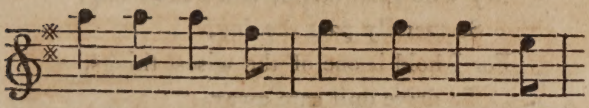
BEGONE DULL CARE.

BE-GONE dull care, I prithee begone from



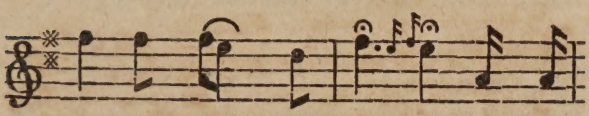
me; Be-gone dull care, you and



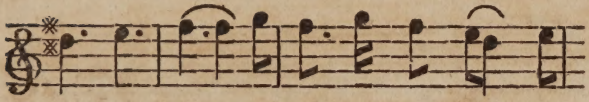
I shall ne - ver a - - gree ; Long



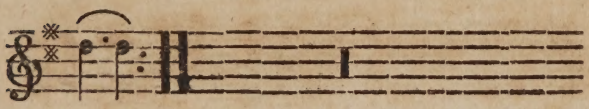
time thou hast been tarry - ing here, And



fain thou would'st me kill ; But I'



faith dull care, Thou ne-ver shall have thy

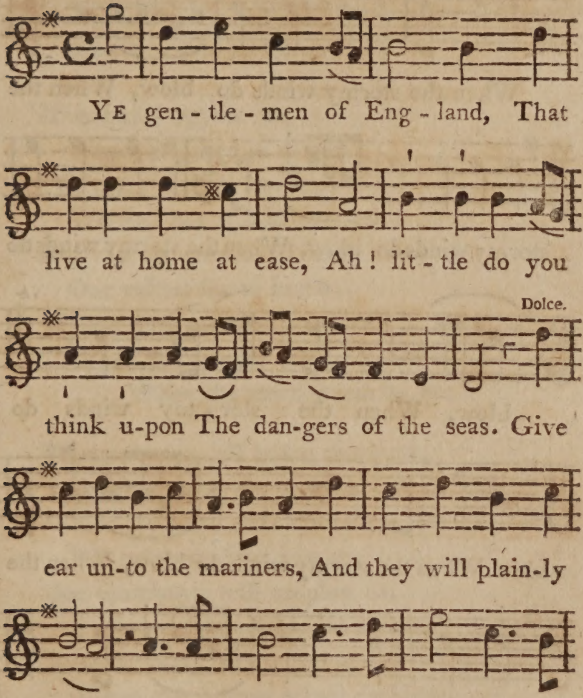


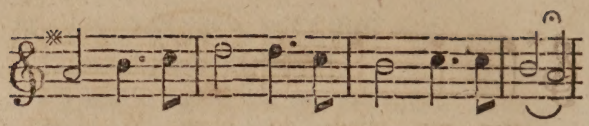
will.

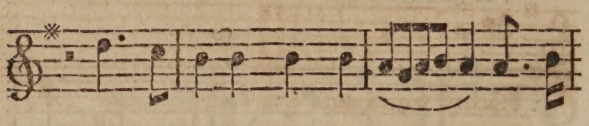
Too much care,
Will make a young man grey ;
And too much care,
Will turn an old man to clay.

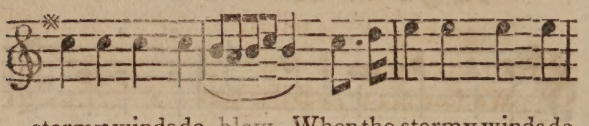
My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.
My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

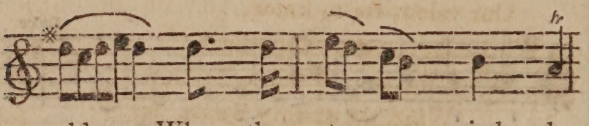

Ye gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That
live at home at ease, Ah! lit - tle do you
Dolce.
think u-pon The dan-gers of the seas. Give
ear un-to the mariners, And they will plain-ly
show All the cares and the fears, All the



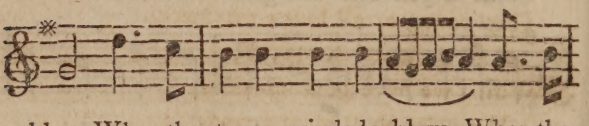
cares and the fears, All the cares and the fears,

When the stormy winds do blow, When the



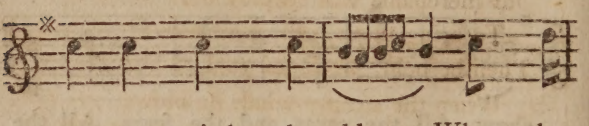
stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do



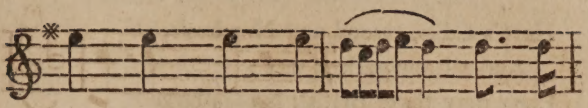
blow, When the stor - my winds do



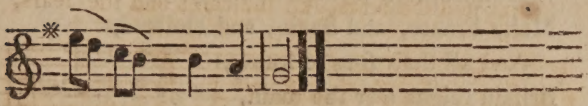
blow. When the stormy winds do blow, When the



stor - my winds do blow, When the



stor - my winds do blow, When the



stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound nor scar:
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on their keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade.
Our merchants will employ us,
To bring them gold, we know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

Here's Collingwood and Northesk,
And all our gallant tars;
Long may these British heroes bold
Despise both wounds and scars;
Make France, and Spain, and Holland,
And all their foes to know,
Britain reigns o'er the main,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Ye mariners of England,
Who guard our native seas,
Who for these thousand years have brav'd
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
And match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.

While the stormy winds do blow,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

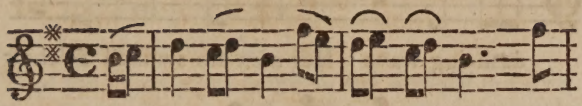
The spirits of your fathers
Will start from every wave;
The deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave;
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
Your manly hearts will glow,
As you sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.

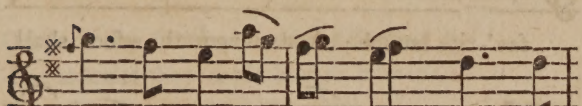
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunder from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As she sweeps through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.

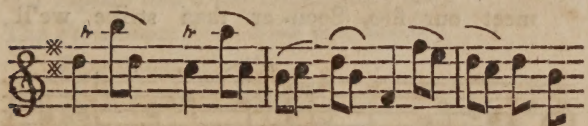
The meteor-flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,

Till the stormy night of war depart,
And the star of peace return :
Then to our faithful mariners
The social cann shall flow,
Who swept through the deep,
While the stormy winds did blow.
While the stormy winds did blow,
While the stormy winds did blow,
While the battle raged long and loud,
And the storms of war did blow.

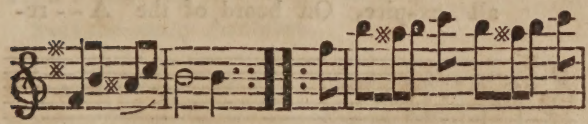
THE ARETHUSA.

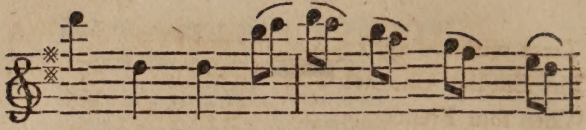


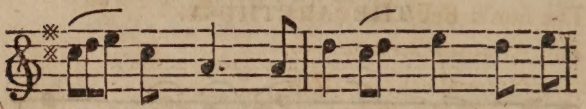
COME all ye jol - ly sail - ors bold, Whose

hearts are cast in ho - nour's mould, While

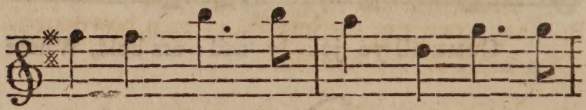


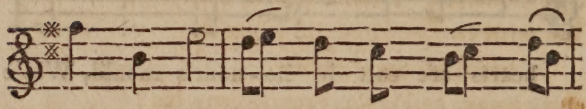
English glo - ry I un-fold, Huz-za to the



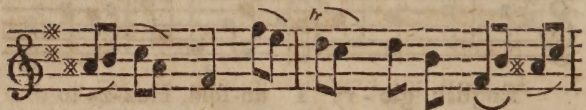
A - re-thu-sa ! She is a fri - gate

tight and brave, As e - - ver stemm'd the



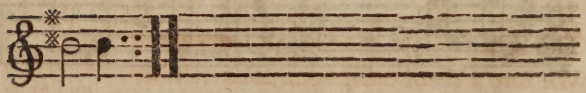
dash-ing wave : Her men are staunch To their

fav'-rite launch ; And when the foe shall



meet our fire, Soon- er than strike we'll



all ex-pire, On board of the A - - re-



thusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly ;
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff;
But they knew not the handful of men how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, Ho !
The Frenchmen they cried out, Hallo !
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee :
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be.
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand,
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass ;
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

TO THE SAME AIR.

To England's fame another ray
Is added, boys, this glorious day,
And sad despair is on its way
To gall the bold invader,
Who swore he would our isle subdue ;
Said Nelson, " D—me if you do !
" For should your fleet
" With Britain's meet,
" We'll make you yield like dastard slaves :
" For Britain still must rule the waves,
" In spite of gasconaders."

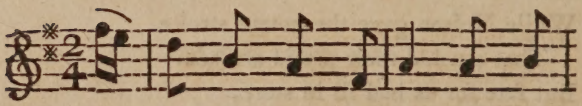
In Cadiz harbour long confin'd,
The French and Spanish fleet, combin'd,
Came out, to future evil blind,
Nor dreamt we were so near, boys.
Brave Nelson's heart it beat with glee;
"Now is your time, my boys," said he,
"To give the blow,
"Lay Frenchmen low:
"Of twenty, boys, we may make sure,
"And honours for that king secure,
"Whom Britain doth revere, boys."

To arms we flew, their line was broke,
And all around was lost in smoke,
While Nelson gave the potent stroke
That crush'd their proud armada.
But fate for us had ill in store,
A loss which we must e'er deplore;
A fatal shot,
Oh, cruel lot!
Wounded the Hero of the Nile,
While envy did malignant smile,
On board the Trinidada.

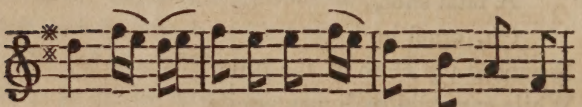
Then to revenge his loss let's fly,
Like Britons conquer, boys, or die!
For dearly's earn'd the victory
Which by his death is won, boys!

But, though he dies, his name shall live;
In future ages ardour give;
Our tars inspire
With martial ire,
While to each Briton ever dear,
They'll sigh, and drop a briny tear,
To think his race is run, boys.

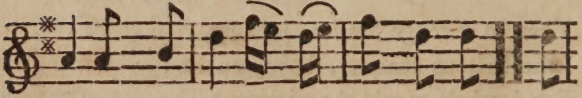
A ROSE-TREE FULL IN BEARING.



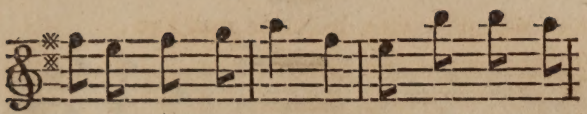
A ROSE-TREE full in bear-ing, Had



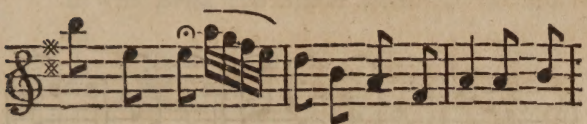
sweet flowers fair to see; One rose, without com-



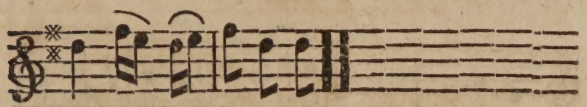
pa-ring, For beau-ty at-tract-ed me. Tho'



ea-ger once to win it, Love-ly, blooming,



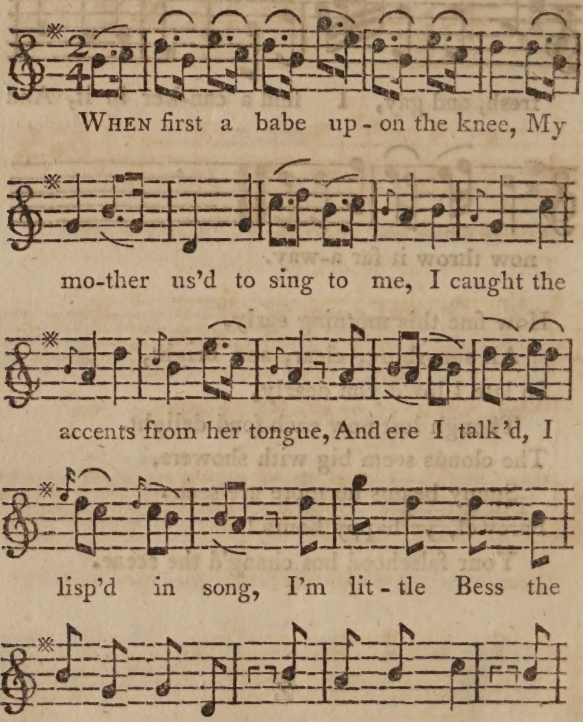
fresh, and gay, I find a can-ker in it, And

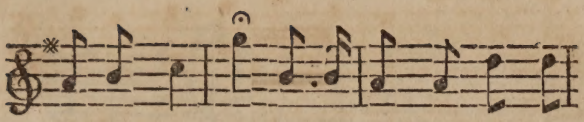


now throw it far a-way.

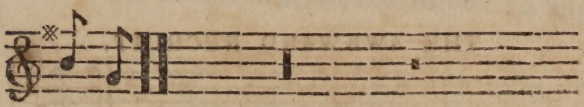
How fine this morning early,
All sun-shiny, clear, and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen:
Farewel, ye happy hours!
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

LITTLE BESS THE BALLAD-SINGER.


WHEN first a babe up-on the knee, My
mo-ther us'd to sing to me, I caught the
accents from her tongue, And ere I talk'd, I
lisp'd in song, I'm lit-tle Bess the
ballad-singer. I'm lit-tle Bess, I'm



lit - tle Bess, I'm lit-tle Bess the bal-lad-

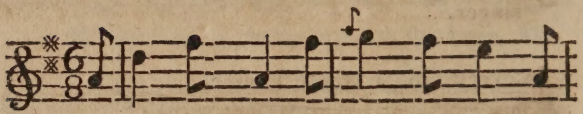


singer.

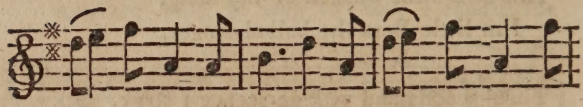
In every village where I came,
They call'd me by my infant name ;
And pensive as I rove along,
This still's the burden of my song,
I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

Thro' woods and village-scenes I stray,
With plaintive suit and artless lay,
And ev'ry passenger I meet,
With lowly curtsey thus I greet,
I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

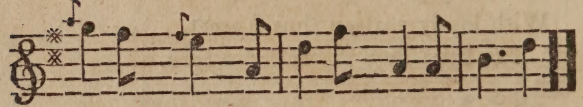
THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.



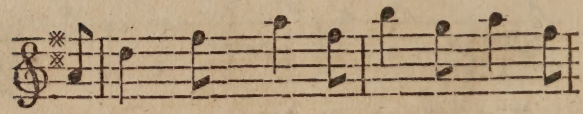
BEHOLD poor Will just come from drill, Not



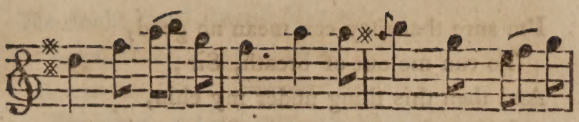
long a-go I list-ed, I sold my cart to



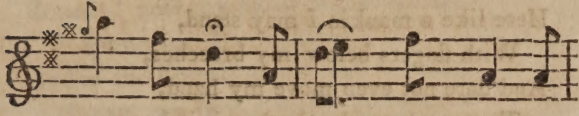
pay the smart, But money they re-sist-ed.



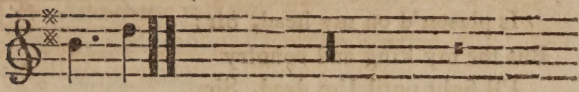
I don't know what will be my lot, But



think it mighty odd, Sir, That they should pop a



lad like I, A - mong their awkward



squad, Sir.

I wish I was at home again,
And got my working clothes on,
My greasy hat, as here it sat,
And Sunday woollen hose on.
But at command I'm forc'd to stand
As stiff as any poker,
And in this plight wheel to the right,
Or my head it would be broke, Sir.

I walk'd and run with Corporal Fun,
Till I wore three pair of shoes out,
And got such knocks as tho'f i' the stocks,
To make me turn my toes out.

I'm sure that they can mean no good,
To run me out of breath, Sir;
And then this thing under my chin,
It throttles me to death, Sir.

Here like a maukin I may stand,
With fingers below my breeches,
And dare not even move my hand,
To scratch my head when it itches.
And then the soap and flour too,
Is plaster'd on my head, Sir:
But for my king and country
I'll fight until I'm dead, Sir.

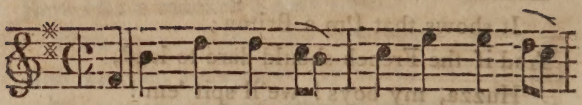
If Serjeant Kite informs me right,
I cuts a pratty figure,
And why mayn't I in battle try?
Sure I can pull a trigger.
It is my will the French to kill;
I'll do't with all my heart, Sir:
Perhaps a recruit may chance to shoot
Great General Bonaparte, Sir.

If I should kill this great Frenchman,
My country'd be befriended;
'Twould be a thunderbolt to France,
And make the war be ended.

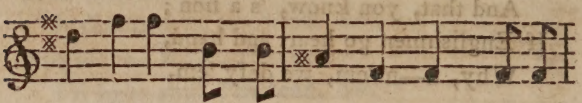
No doubt but I should Captain be
Lord, that's a pratty thing, Sir
I'd tear my throat from morn to nigh,
Shouting, "God save our King!" Sir.

Zounds! now my blood begins to rise!
It shows that I'm a Briton;
And if the French should dare to land,
Huzza, my boys! we'll spit 'em!
Each man must to his motto stand,
And that, you know, 's a lion;
If Englishmen go heart and hand,
Why, d—n 'em, we defy 'em.

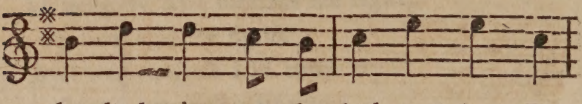
THE IRISHMAN.



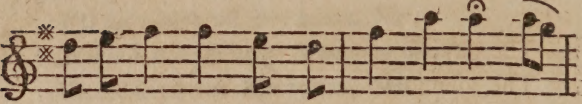
THE turban'd Turk, who scorns the world, May



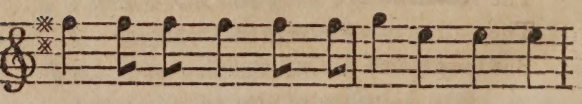
strut a-bout with his whiskers curl'd, Keep a



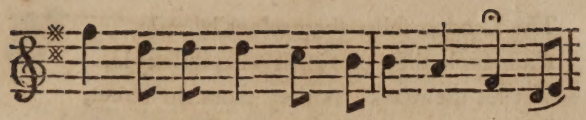
hundred wives un - der lock and key, For

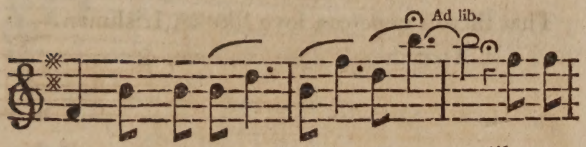


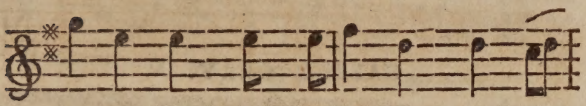
no-bo-dy else but him-self to see: Yet



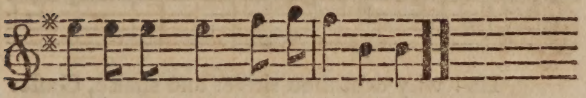
long may he pray with his Al - co - ran, Be-



fore he can love like an I- rish-man, Be-

fore he can love, love, love, like an



I - rish - man, like an I - rish - man, Be-

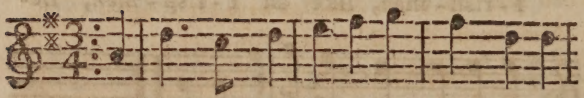


fore he can love like an Irishman.

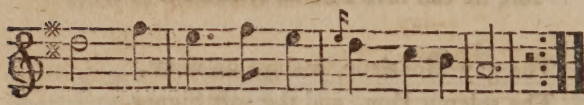
The gay Monsieur, a slave no more,
The solemn Don, and the soft Signor,
The Dutch Mynheer, so full of pride,
The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside,
They all may do whatever they can,
But they'll never love like an Irishman.
But they'll never love, &c.

The London folks themselves beguile,
And think they please in a capital style,
Yet let them ask, as they cross the street,
Of any young virgin they happen to meet,
And I know she'll say, from behind her fan,
That there's none can love like an Irishman.
That there's none can love, &c.

GAFFER GRAY.

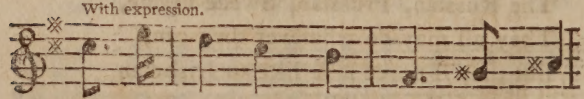


Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer

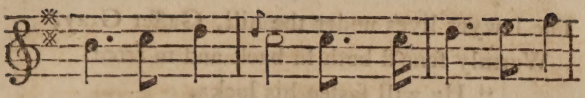


Gray? And why does thy nose look so blue?

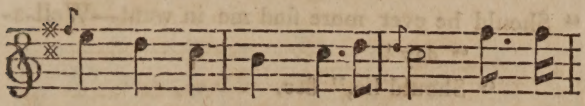
With expression.



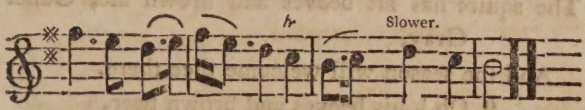
"'Tis the wea-ther that's cold, 'Tis I'm



" grown ve - ry old, And my doub-let is



" not ve - ry new—Well-a-day! And my



" doublet is not ve-ry new—Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
" Nay, but credit I've none,
" And my money's all gone;
" Then say, how may that come to pass?—Well-
" a-day!
" Then say," &c.

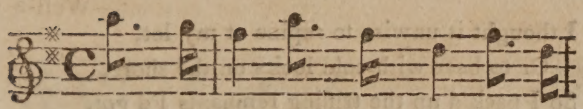
Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
" Oh! the priest often preaches
" Against worldly riches,
" But ne'er gives a mite to the poor—Well-a-day!
" But ne'er," &c.

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
" He will fasten his locks,
" And will threaten the stocks,
" Should he ever more find me in want—Well-a-
" day!
" Should he," &c.

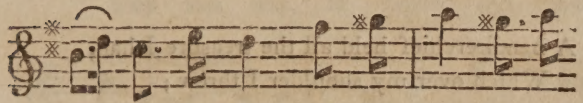
The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome thee there.
" Oh! his beeves and brown beer,
" And his merry new-year,
" Are all for the flush and the fair—Well-a-day!
" Are all," &c.

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live.
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give—Well-a-day!
Of his, &c.

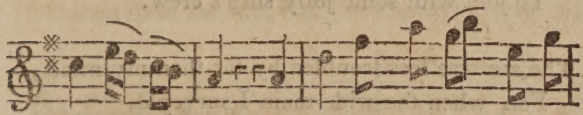
THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.



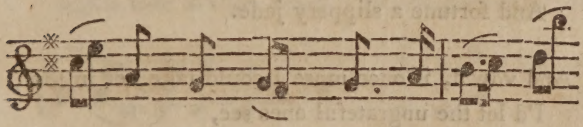
When my mo - ney was gone that I



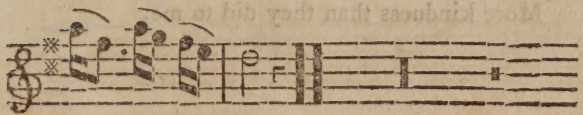
gain'd in the wars, And the world 'gan to



frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal, or my



ho - nour - ed scars, When in - diff' - rence



stood at each gate?

The face that would smile when my purse was
well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me:
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

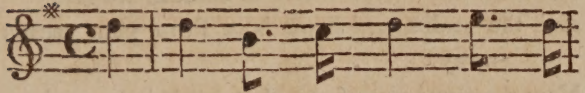
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

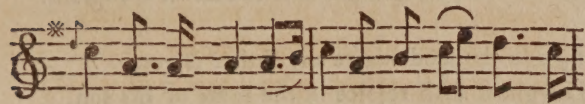
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
For, when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me.

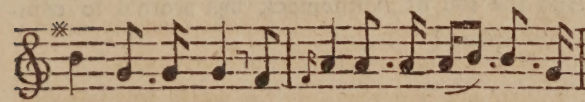
DEATH-SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.



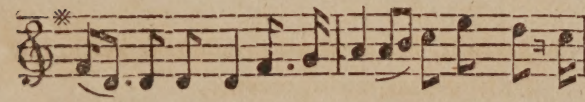
THE sun sets in night, and the



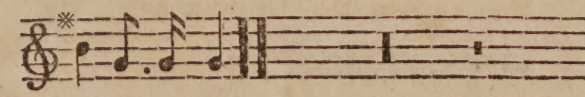
stars shun the day, But glory remains when their



lights fade a-way. Be-gin, ye tor-mentors, your



threats are in vain, For the son of Alknomook shall



never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow?—Do you wait till I shrink from
the pain?
No!—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away.
Now the flame rises fast; they exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone:
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend—he relieves me from pain;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to com-
plain!

FINIS.

Oliver & Co. Printers, Edinburgh.

W. P. L. Bindery,
DEC 19 1911